INSIDE: 8-PAGE SUPPLEMENT

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Complete Christmas Party Guide

Week ending November 27 1954
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JOHN BULL

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Are Englishmen standoffish?

"Talk to them without being talked to first" said Pamela jumping to her feet "and they freeze up like icebergs".

"Ah, but icebergs" said Charles with a knowing look "have hidden depths."

Jimmy wagged his finger wisely. "And we men" he grinned "don't want them plumbed too deeply too quickly".

"Nonsense, darling" put in Helen "it's just surface shyness — you're all quite human when you thaw out".

"Well, here's the greatest thawer-out I know" said Mother marching in with a huge tray of wonderful Cadbury's drinking chocolate.

"Mm, how perfectly right you are" said Pamela.

"Mm, how *deliciously* right you are" said Helen.

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EDITORIAL

Costly rubbish

THERE was a row earlier this year at the old people's club at Catton, Norwich. Miss Clara Boucher, sixty-eight year old retired nurse, showed a basket containing four lumps of stone weighing seven pounds. "This is what I paid seven shillings a hundredweight for," she said.

And then Mr. Arthur Youngs, aged seventy-four, told the meeting how he has stacked half a ton of slate as an exhibit in his garden.

The slate is the gleanings from his last three tons of coal. So one-sixth of what he bought was no use to him —and the labour of many people was wasted in carting it uselessly half-way across Britain.

NOT only the old folk of Norwich are tired of paying for coal and getting stones and rubbish. Some Durham coalfield villages have their streets cluttered with stones picked out of domestic coal. In Horden, two hundred tons of stone are added every week to the piles in the streets.

MR. GEOFFREY LLOYD
He says "No"

In Preston, Wallsend and South Wales, coal merchants have refused to handle some consignments. They say that customers blame them instead of the National Coal Board.

Elsewhere there have been allegations that unscrupulous merchants have taken advantage of the dirty coal situation to deliver worse stuff than they receive from the pits.

"The solution," says Mr. Noel Gee, Coal Board publicity chief, "is to provide more mechanical cleaning plant. Britain's best coal has already been mined, and the quality has been deteriorating for many years."

But is the cleaning plant being installed fast enough? Last year the Coal Board mechanically cleaned 114.8 million tons, plus 57 million tons by hand. Seventy-two plants with a capacity of forty million tons are now under construction.

IT sounds good, but it is not nearly good enough. Some critics have suggested that the Merchandise Marks Act, under which traders can be prosecuted for selling goods under false descriptions, should be applied to coal. The Fuel Minister, Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd, says no. But why not?

For if it were legally recognized as fraud to sell twenty per cent of dirt in a sack alleged to contain a hundred per cent coal, we should have cleaner coal within weeks. The Coal Board would manage it, somehow.

If the Board does not want compulsion, it must do better voluntarily—and quickly. Householders are not willing to continue buying expensive waste for ever.

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FREE SPEECH: 4, 6, 8. THIS WEEK'S COVER: 6.
CONSIDER YOUR VERDICT: 40. WHO'S WHO?: 55

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NOV. 27 1954 VOL. 96 NO. 2526 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAMS: HEROICALLY, WESTCENT, LONDON

FREE SPEECH

His son is the better man

MY son has just completed his first year at a university. That is to say, he spent six months in college and the rest of the time on holiday.

He used his vacations to earn money at a series of part-time jobs. As I pay his fees, I suggested that the vacations were intended for further study, and that by chasing "fool's gold," he was wasting his opportunity.

"Everybody works now," he told me. "The chaps with education grants have to, and the rest of us like to."

He quoted a survey taken at Hull University, where it was found that three-quarters of the students did vacation work.

I said that in that case the authorities should shorten the vacations and speed up the courses.

"A university isn't just for passing exams," he told me. "You can do that at night school. It's to teach you to hold your own with people, too. Prewar students didn't earn on their vacations—but they didn't study much, either. So long as I get my degree, you should be pleased that I'm trying to stand on my own feet financially, as well."

Remembering my own university days, I had to agree with him. I'm inclined to think that when he graduates, he'll be much better able to earn his living than I was at his age.—R. W. FRANKLIN, York.

Over the Water

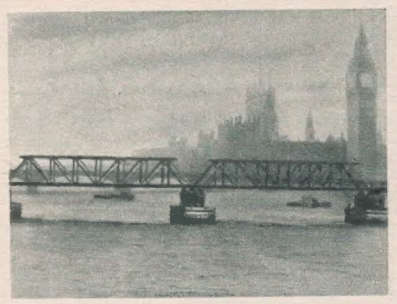
LAST month, I was in Uganda, and I found a little bit of London there.

On a trip down the Kazinga Channel that links Lake George and Lake Edward near the border of the Congo, I came across a bridge that was being built—and it had a familiar look about it.

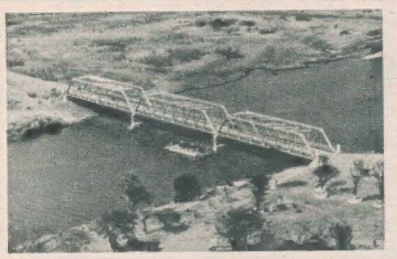
The engineer in charge told me that it was part of the bridge which spanned the Thames near Westminster, during the war.

Other sections of this same bridge are, I learned, doing good service elsewhere in Africa.—G. E. YEAMAN, Nairobi, Kenya.

Three sections of the emergency war-time bridge that was at Westminster now span the Kafue River in Northern Rhodesia. The bridge was dismantled by John Howard, Ltd., in 1948, and the opening ceremony in Africa was performed in 1949. Shown in the lower photograph, the Kafue Bridge spans a section of river that was formerly crossed by a pontoon raft, capable of carrying only a single vehicle at a time.



From London's Thames . . .



. . . to Rhodesia's Kafue River

Feather Beds

WITH great amusement, I have just read the letter "Dutch Treat" ("Free Speech," November 6).

In Austria, my friend and I were shown to our bedroom, where we noticed that the beds were equipped with a bottom sheet, a pillow and a thing that looked like a bag of feathers. "They've forgotten to make the beds," I whispered.

"They'll make them later on, I'm sure," was my friend's reply.

On our return, the beds were unchanged, so we climbed in and covered ourselves with the bags of feathers—which turned out to be very cosy.

Another member of our party unbuttoned the cover of his bag of feathers and tried to sleep inside it—without success.

I have now decided that this bolster idea is an exceptionally quick way of making a bed—and I'm planning to unpick my eiderdown. — GLADYS PARRY, Mill Lane, Wallasey, Cheshire.

AN ANNOUNCEMENT BY THE EDITOR

See page 24

New Light

SURELY striking a match away from oneself is not a habit confined to those who have lived in the East ("Free Speech," November 6).

I was in the Signal Service, Royal Engineers, during the first World War. Oil lamps were still used for signalling then, and of course we had to carry matches to light them with.

At our first training lecture, the R.S.M. told us that the proper way to strike a match is *away* from the body. — ALEX ROBERTSON, High Street, Kinross.

. . . Men, when they light matches, usually strike towards themselves. Women, on the other hand, nearly always strike away.

Six out of seven women whom I asked to light a match struck it outwards.—I. EVANS, College Street, Ammanford.

Time To Pay

IN a local general store recently, I saw a card hanging up on the wall. It announced simply: "Clock stopped."

I was curious—and the shopkeeper smiled. "You'll never guess why that's there," he said. "Actually, it means *no tick*!"—J. F. MEELY, Myrtle Avenue, Ravensthorpe, Yorks.

Pet Patients

MY spaniel's stay as an in-patient at the P.D.S.A. Clinic in the old city of Jerusalem was recalled to me by your recent cover (October 30).

The clinic was near Herod's Gate, and the vet in charge had left England twenty years before to do this humane work.

He dealt with all kinds of animals —donkeys, horses, monkeys, parrots

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

The Aristocrat of Peppermint Creams

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★ **FOLLOW THIS RECIPE:**

★ *Christmas Pudding (sufficient for 2 Puddings);*
★ *½-lb. ATORA, 1-lb. Raisins, ½-lb. Currants, ½-lb.*
★ *Sultanas, ½-lb. Candied Peel, 6-ozs. Sugar, 6-ozs.*
★ *Self-raising Flour, 1-oz. Sweet Almonds, rind and*
★ *juice of ½ Lemon, 3 Eggs, ½-lb. Breadcrumbs,*
★ *¼ Nutmeg, a pinch of Salt, Milk sufficient to*
★ *make right consistency, 4-5 tablespoons Rum.*

★ Clean currants, stone raisins, put all the dry
★ ingredients into a basin, blanch and chop
★ almonds, add eggs, well-beaten, grated rind of
★ lemon, and the juice strained. Mix all
★ thoroughly, put into greased basins, filling
★ them only two-thirds full. Cover tightly with
★ greased paper and steam, preferably in a proper
★ steamer, for six hours. Re-steam for 2-4 hours
★ on Christmas Day.

Insist on **ATORA** the good **BEEF SUET**

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FREE SPEECH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

and even camels. The charges were what the owners could afford, and the Arabs were always generous.—G. MAYELL, Southall, Middlesex.

This clinic, in the charge of Superintendent Smith, was closed in 1948 when Britain's Palestine Mandate ended. The P.D.S.A. hopes to re-open it eventually.

Fishing Line

WHILE on holiday in the Faeroe Islands, I was intrigued to see what looked like an unusual clothes-drying arrangement in Thorshavn.

On closer inspection, the "clothes" proved to be strips of whale meat hung up for drying—as you can see

from my photograph.—JAMES ANGUS, Lerwick, Shetland.

The Danish Faeroe Islands lie about half-way between Iceland and the Shetland Islands. In 1940 they were occupied by British troops. Whaling is a major industry, and dried whale meat is regarded as a great winter delicacy.

Tail End

AS a salesman working in the men's department of an outfitter's shop, I often smile quietly to myself at some of the remarks which my customers—quite innocently—make to me.

I have not yet been asked for a pair of black man's socks, but last week a woman came to look at some shirts. She glanced up from the display on the counter thoughtfully.

Then, to make quite sure I was paying attention, she prodded my waistcoat and asked: "If you were a man, which would you choose?"—S. E., Reigate, Surrey.

Making Allowances

TWO children aged six or seven strolled into the post office the other morning. One of them passed a family allowance book over the counter.

The clerk counted out 32s., watched the child sign, and handed him the money, saying: "Hold it tightly, and mind how you cross the road."

Surely there should be a minimum age for paying over money in this way. — JOHN GRIMSTER, Aigburth Road, Liverpool, 17.

The Ministry of Pensions and National Insurance says that there is no age restriction. If the holder of the book signs the certificate that she is unable to draw the money in person, and the book is in order, the post office can pay whoever presents it—provided he can sign his name.

Price Of Pride

MY copy of "Notes for visitors from New Zealand," issued to me by my government before I arrived in England, is well thumbed at the section headed "Tipping."

Among other things, it informs me that a waitress should be given ten per cent of the bill.

This idea takes some getting used to. Anyone in New Zealand who leaves money for a waitress—especially if she is a native Maori—is asking for trouble.

The girl would be as offended as one of your bank cashiers would be if you offered him sixpence for cashing your cheque. And quite rightly, I think. Why should anyone expect a tip for doing a job for which he is paid an adequate wage? What beats me is how your people can have so little self-respect as to allow the customers to patronize them in this way.—A. W., London, W.2.

Vicious Cycle

THE fitting of brakes on power bicycles is a serious problem (JOHN BULL, October 16).

Most of the power units made can produce a speed of twenty-five miles an hour and more. For a pedal cycle with normal brakes, this speed is dangerous.

A lightly clad cyclist on a light machine can cycle at twenty miles an hour—and because his crouching position distributes his weight evenly on his handlebars and pedals, he has control over his machine for braking.

The extra weight of an engine, the rider's heavier clothing, and perhaps a heavier saddle all give the power cycle an additional forty or more pounds to carry. The most powerful cycle rim-brake made is not efficient with this extra weight.

One solution is for the makers to produce an engine with an all-out speed of twenty miles an hour—and no more.—T. WAYMOUTH PRINGLE, Upland Road, Croydon.

Marriage Tie

THE letter "Bless The Bride" ("Free Speech," November 6) reminds me of a custom in this village.

When the bride, groom and guests

have gone into the church, the local children tie up the churchyard gates.

After the wedding, the bridegroom must throw coins over the gates to the children waiting on the other side, before the knot can be untied.—MRS. LUCY WEBSTER, Leathley Crescent, Menston.

The Rev. T. E. Hammond, the vicar

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8

THIS WEEK'S COVER

WHEN Walter Wyles painted a girl bringing in her "catch" two weeks ago, he could do so with detached amusement. He was still a bachelor. This week's cover may be a little precipitate, but it shows him nearer reality. The Life Force has overtaken him, and this week his fiancée joins the four hundred thousand brave women who, every year in Britain, start a life of garden mud on the kitchen floor, ash on the carpets, pipes cleaned with hairpins, ties draped over the dressing-table mirror, an upright newspaper for breakfast, and the linen cupboard regularly hit by a tornado. Husbands are certainly an irritating form of life.

"Yes-they'll all want second helpings!"

RECIPE FOR Steak & Kidney Pie

Short Crust, Flaky or Rough Puff Pastry (see McDougall's 'Puddings and Pies' Book)
1½ lbs. Stewing Steak · ½ lb. Ox Kidney
1 tablespoonful McDougall's Self-Raising Flour · ½ teaspoonful Salt · ¼ teaspoonful Pepper · Water · A little beaten Egg
A pie funnel or egg cup.

Wash meat and cut into neat pieces; roll in seasoned flour. Put pie funnel in middle of dish (1½ pints capacity), add meat and enough water to come half-way up dish. Cover with greased greaseproof paper, twist firmly round dish, and stew meat for 1½ hours. Cool.

'Regulo' Mark 2 310° F Middle Shelf

Roll out pastry 3" wider all round than dish. Trim off rounded edges. Cut narrow strips for lining edge. Brush edge with beaten egg, put strips in place, brush with egg. Cover with remaining pastry avoiding stretching. Press edges lightly together, trim and 'tap' up with back of knife. Brush with beaten egg. Cut 4 or 5 pastry 'leaves', mark veins with back of knife, brush with beaten egg and place on pie. Put a pastry tassel in the centre. Bake for 40 mins., covering with greased greaseproof paper after 20 mins.

'Regulo' Mark 7 420° F Middle Shelf

THIS is the real thing—home-cooked Steak and Kidney Pie! As soon as you cut into that crisp melting crust (made with McDougall's Self-Raising Flour, of course) the family will be thinking of second helpings!

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Obtainable from all Chemists, Stores, Grocers, Ironmongers and Stationers.

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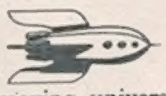

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From all Stationers, Stores, etc.

FREE SPEECH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

of Menston, says that this custom is an old one there. After a recent incident when the gates were fastened with wire to make doubly sure that the custom was observed, the well-equipped best man in Menston now takes a pair of wire-cutters to the wedding.

Pyramid Party

A DISLIKE of social functions should not be taken too much to heart by "A. K." ("Free Speech," November 6).

In 1884, when he was just about A. K.'s age, General Gordon wrote in his Khartoum Journals:

"I dwell on the joy of never seeing Great Britain again, with its horrid, wearisome dinner parties and miseries. . . . I would sooner live like a dervish with the Mahdi, than go out to dinner every night in London . . . why men cannot be friends without bringing the wretched stomachs in is astounding."—G. I. BENNETT, Broad Lane, Bramley, Leeds, 13.

Charm School

"ZOO man," (JOHN BULL, November 13) took me back to a little Indian village not far from Delhi.

Molarbund is a home town of snake charmers. They go back there regularly, for the gourds from which they make their pipes grow nearby. The women of the village are expert at preparing secret antidotes for snake bite. But the most interesting thing of all is to watch the young apprentices learning the snake-charmer's craft from an experienced veteran—as you can see in the photograph.

The rudiments are learned in a few

months, but it takes the youngsters years to acquire a professional polish. They stay at home until they are fifteen, then they set off on their travels, each with his stock-in-trade of cobras, vipers and pythons.—R. J., Lampeter, Cardiganshire.

No Substitute. . .

I SHOULD like to add some facts to your explanation that worsted is a more costly woollen material to produce ("Free Speech," October 30).

Often, the customer is not sufficiently informed about the differences between "Worsted Blend," "Worsted Mixture," "All Pure Wool," and so on.

The first two may be a mixture of wool and cotton or rayon. "All Pure Wool" often sounds attractive—but it may be the poorest material for the purpose. It is most suitable for rugs, blankets or dressing-gowns.

It is not as hard wearing as "Pure Wool Worsted," for which the customer should ask when he wants the very best. This material goes through a process that gives it maximum strength, wearing quality and finish.—W. M. M., Eastbourne, Sussex.

Home Made

AS newly-weds with £250 saved, my wife and I bought brand new tables and chairs of the most modern design for our new home.

This contemporary furniture looked graceful with its light wood and high polish—but, having furnished two rooms in this way, we saw that our money was running out. "Contemporary" prices are high.

We had to fill the rest of the house with old-fashioned pieces picked up cheaply in the local sale-rooms. Heavy, solid, with polish gone, they compared very badly with our new pieces.

That was three years ago. In that time, our contemporary furniture has become battered and shabby.

The despised second-hand items, on the other hand, have improved amazingly with care. They're mellow and comfortable looking; their ruggedness has resisted all the assaults of our toddler.

Clearly, our grandparents built to last. Our generation will have nothing of its own to hand on. I doubt if our dining-room table (price £25) will even last us out. But the old-fashioned wardrobe that cost £7 10s. will probably end its days in a museum.—R. FORD, Market Harborough, Leicestershire.

Hair Of The Dog

KEEPING a dog clean, especially in winter, is difficult (JOHN BULL, November 6). My solution is quite simple, though.

I use the curtain-cleaning attachment of my vacuum cleaner. The soft brush on the end of its long pipe removes most of the dust from our dog's coat and keeps it in beautiful condition.

I admit that the dog was nervous at first, so I merely rubbed him gently with the brush while the cleaner was switched off. Now he sits up and begs as soon as I get the vacuum cleaner out of its cupboard, and disapproves thoroughly when I want to use it for the housework.—MRS. K. M. JOHNSON, High View Court, Harrow.

Up Periscope

AS a learner-driver, I am amazed at the number of mirrors fitted to the modern car for rear vision.

To my mind, a simple periscope through the roof of the car would give the driver adequate vision and make for less strained—and therefore safer—driving.—J. L. R. PRITCHARD, Lower Bebington, Wirral, Cheshire.

The Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders says that the driver's "blind spot" is for vehicles actually overtaking him at his side—and these can be shown only by a wing mirror. A periscope would reflect the traffic behind—which is done by the interior mirror.

Cash And Carry

AS a rent collector, my job is full of variety, although I carry no stock like a pet shop proprietor ("Free Speech," November 6).

I am asked regularly to sign pension books, fill in Electoral Register forms and income tax returns. I am also expected to post letters, help with football pool coupons—and cash the cheque if there's a winning entry.

One old lady leaves her coal buckets at the top of the cellar steps when I am due to call on her—she knows that they will be filled before I leave.—L. A., Rochdale, Lancs.

NEXT WEEK

Charles Yerkow's gripping story of a pearl diver and

THE TERROR DOWN BELOW

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service

Gifts..

Happy thought for Christmas!

Start your friends off to a 'Prestige' kitchen; there's something 'Prestige' for everyone at prices which come as a pleasant surprise. These lovely housewares, finest in all Britain, can be found in stores and ironmongers everywhere. And nothing could be easier to send—'Prestige' housewares are specially packed for easy giving.

Here are six suggestions:

'PRESTIGE' PRESSURE COOKERS

Six models to choose from, at prices starting as low as 69/6. Illustrated is the famous 'Hi-dome' model costing* **107/6***

'PRESTIGE' HOLLOW-GROUND CUTLERY

Available as single pieces or as presentation sets. Hardwood holdster with 6 knives (illustrated) costs **99/6**

'PRESTIGE' IMPERIAL FOOD MIXER

The finest beater and mixer available. Easy running nylon gears, superb engineering and brilliant styling, with stainless steel rack **42/-**

'PRESTIGE' COLOUR-GLO KETTLE

The whistling kettle that brings style to your kitchen. Trigger-action and choice of four lovely glowing colours, in superfine finish **27/6**

'PRESTIGE' '1900' KITCHEN TOOLS

A 'star' of the 'Prestige' range. Six superb tools and hanging rack in gleaming stainless steel to brighten someone's kitchen **97/6**

'PRESTIGE' GOURMET SET

Cutlery is always a welcome gift. Hollow-ground carver, magnetized sharpening steel and carving fork, all attractively boxed **45/-**

(*Including Separators) (Prices shown include P.T. where applicable)

...the Prestige way

RHEUMATISM ATTACKS YOUNG AS WELL AS OLD

Office worker (27) and widow (69) both found

Rheumatic misery relieved

by using FYNNON SALT

Mr. Cutt is an enthusiastic tennis and badminton player. Yet for a time it looked as if rheumatism might put a stop to the pleasures of his favourite sports. Now all pain has completely disappeared and he leads an active, healthy life.

At one time Mrs. Bright could hardly walk because of rheumatism. But now—relieved of all rheumatic pain—she is not only able to walk freely, but also to work the foot-treadle of her sewing machine with great agility.

HERE'S HOPE FOR BRITAIN'S ONE MILLION ADULT SUFFERERS FROM RHEUMATISM

Mr. J. Cutt, 27-year-old office worker of Dudley, Worcs., writes: **'At the age of 27 I recently suffered . . . discomfort from rheumatism . . . A friend suggested trying Fynnon Salt which I readily did. I had a prescribed dose on three consecutive mornings and discovered that all pain had disappeared completely. I am continuing to have occasional doses as a precaution, but must say a big thank you to Fynnon Salt . . .'** Mrs. E. Bright of Leicester, widow of 69, also gives Fynnon Salt the credit for relieving her rheumatic pain. She has been a regular user for many years; **'I read every day of the wonderful relief gained from Fynnon Salt'**, she writes. **'I too, can testify as to results . . . I tried lots of remedies, but failed to get relief. I decided to give Fynnon a fair trial and am very pleased to report that I have no Rheumatism at all now . . .'**

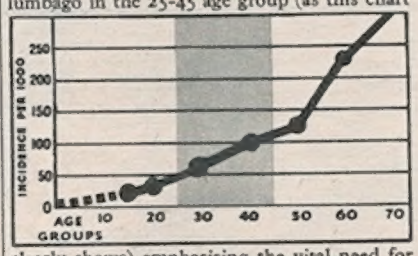
(The originals of these two letters can be seen at our offices.)

RELIEF from pain, ability to do a good day's work and to lead a normal active life—these are the themes of countless letters in which sufferers from rheumatism, like Mr. Cutt and Mrs. Bright, express their gratitude for the wonderful results from taking Fynnon Salt.

Rheumatism is a stubborn and painful complaint, and in its most persistent forms it is often disabling. An estimate of the loss of working time to the country, through rheumatic diseases, has been put at £45 million a year. Consider this fact in terms of pain and suffering, and it is no wonder that doctors are showing increasing concern over rheumatic conditions.

Prevalent among the young

Whilst the more persistent forms of rheumatism attack the elderly, recent findings reveal the surprising incidence of fibrositis, neuritis and lumbago in the 25-45 age group (as this chart



clearly shows) emphasising the vital need for early treatment. Findings also show that the improper elimination of waste matter frequently contributes to rheumatic conditions.

How Fynnon can help

Fynnon Salt acts in two ways:

1. **It is an effective but gentle aperient,** using body fluid, drawn into the intestinal canal, to rid the system of waste matter.

2. **It is a diuretic,** flushing the kidneys and reducing the impurities in the blood—approved treatment for many rheumatic conditions.

Take a teaspoonful of Fynnon every morning as soon as the first twinges are felt. You too will find marked relief. *But if you are seriously worried about your condition, don't fail to consult your doctor.*

FYNNON SALT LARGE TIN 2/4½d

For the relief of

RHEUMATISM · FIBROSITIS · NEURITIS · SCIATICA · LUMBAGO · GOUT

THE FYNNON CO · BRENTFORD · MIDDLESEX

Handsome hair

when you check Dry Scalp

To give your hair that handsome, well-groomed look, use 'Vaseline' Brand Hair Tonic. Simply massage a few drops into the scalp every morning. See the difference! With Dry Scalp checked, your hair will look its best! It costs 2/6, or 3/9 for double the quantity—a small price to pay for healthy-looking, well-groomed hair!

Hair dull, lifeless, unmanageable? Your trouble could be Dry Scalp. Check Dry Scalp by supplementing the natural scalp oils with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic.

Massage your scalp for 20 seconds every morning with a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. It keeps your hair looking healthy and well groomed.

THE DRESSING THAT CHECKS DRY SCALP

Vaseline* HAIR TONIC

* 'Vaseline' is the registered trade mark of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co. Ltd.

3573-7

RELIEVE COLDS AND CATARRH QUICKLY

Clears nasal congestion, soothes soreness and combats infection

2/- EACH

DON'T LET COLDS MAKE YOU MISERABLE

Just a little "NOSTROLINE" jelly applied inside your nostrils brings you nasal comfort—you breathe easily and can sleep well. If your nose is sore it will soothe it immediately. Gentle acting "NOSTROLINE" is ideal for children too. Get a tube from your Chemist today.

FOR HANDY DAYTIME USE—"NOSTROLINE INHALER"

Keep a "NOSTROLINE INHALER" in pocket or handbag for instant relief wherever you are. One sniff clears stuffiness in your nose, lets you breathe freely and speak clearly.

Get one when you get your "NOSTROLINE" jelly.

The story of a girl's ordeal of fear, which began on . . .

A TRIP TO BERLIN

by MOLLIE M. KAYE

WITH NIGHTFALL, the small, uneasy wind that had moaned all day through the whins at the cliff edge died away and a cold fog crawled in from the sea, obliterating the darkening coast line and muting the drag of waves on shingle to a rhythmic murmur barely louder than the unrelenting and monotonous mutter of gunfire to the west.

The little band of refugees, formless and without substance in the uncertain moonlight, rose from the shelter of the whins and crept forward along a narrow goat track that descended the low, sandy cliff.

Now, at last, they had reached the sea. Behind them the wolf packs of hate and destruction howled across Europe, while on either hand the smoke from the pyres of Rotterdam and Dunkirk blackened the sweet May skies. But before them, beyond the hidden seas and the shifting fog banks, lay the coast of England.

At the water's edge the dark bulk of a fishing boat loomed out of the surrounding fog. A man stood knee deep in the creaming water, holding the prow to the shore. He was tense and listening.

"I am afraid!" he called suddenly, in a loud whisper. "Be swift!" Then, over his shoulder to a dim figure in the boat: "Be ready with the sail, Pierre!"

A child began to cry in small gulping sobs.

"*Hush thou!*" The whisper was savage with fear as the small figure was lifted over the gunwale. There followed three more children, the last of whom appeared to be clutching a large doll. The man who had been carrying her climbed in after her and turned to a woman hurrying across the shingle. "Quick!" he whispered urgently. "Oh, be quick!"

And then, without warning, the darkness was ripped apart by a streak of flame, and the fog banks and the low, sandy cliffs that curved about the lonely bay echoed to the crash and whine of bullets, hoarse shouts and the clatter of running boots upon rock and shingle.

Without words, the leader of the refugees and the man who steadied the prow put their shoulders to the laden boat and thrust her off into deep water.

The sail, invisible against the night and the drifting fog, rose and took the breeze and, slowly at first, the boat began to move away from the shelving beach.

The woman who had been with the man and child ran wildly into the water, her feet stumbling among the treacherous pebbles as the waves snatched them from under her. But the boat had gone. She tried to scream, to shriek to them to come back for her, to save her and not to leave her alone on that dark

---

Miranda raised her hands in horror. She felt a rush of panic as she stared at the man on the berth. He had been stabbed

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN PHILLIPS

beach. But her throat was dry and her breath came in hoarse gasps.

The vicious chatter of a machine gun joined the noise of running feet, and tracer bullets ripped brilliant orange streaks through the fog around her. Turning from the sea, she ran back towards the dark whin bushes, the low sandy cliffs and the hostile land.

* * *

Miranda Brand knelt on the floor of a bedroom in the Families' Hostel at Bad Oeynhausen, in the British Zone of Germany, searching her suitcase for a cake of soap and regretting that she had ever accepted her cousin Robert Melville's invitation to spend a month with him and his family in Berlin.

A curious feeling of apprehension and unease possessed her. It had begun. . . . When had it begun? Was it on the boat to the Hook of Holland? . . . Or even earlier, on the boat train to Harwich? She could not be sure. She only knew that, for some inexplicable reason, she felt tense and uneasy and afraid.

The bedroom door burst open and Stella Melville rushed in, slamming it noisily behind her. Miranda jumped.

"Oh, I hate the army! I hate it!" Stella's hands were clenched, her body rigid. She flung herself down upon the bed and burst into tears.

"Good heavens!" said Miranda, blankly. She stood up hurriedly and, perching on the edge of the bed, put a comforting hand on Stella's shoulder. "What is it, darling? What's the matter?"

For a few moments, Stella sobbed uncontrollably. "Robert has just met a man he knows," she said shakily, "and—and, oh, Randa, it's awful—he told Robert that the regiment will be sent to Malaya next year!" Stella's eyes brimmed over with tears.

"Malaya? But good heavens, Stella, why on earth should that upset you? I'd be thrilled to bits! Sunshine—palm trees—temple bells—masses of servants. . . ."

"You don't understand," said Stella, impatiently. "I can't bear this continual shifting around! I can't bear it! When I married Johnny—you never knew Johnny—I thought what fun it would be. Being married, I mean. I thought we'd have a house of our own, in Sussex or Kent, somewhere near Mallow, and everything would be lovely." She gave a short laugh, startling in its bitterness. "It didn't work out that way. Separation . . . always on the move. . . . When Johnny was killed, I thought I should never be happy again. But you can't go on being unhappy for ever. And after the war I met Robert!"

Her voice rose again suddenly, and she sat up and faced Miranda. "But it was only the same thing all over again! They sent him to Egypt, and they wouldn't let me go with him. Now that he is sent back, the regiment is in Germany and we get sent to Berlin! This, believe it or not, is a 'Home posting.' *Home!* And now to be told that it will be Malaya next; I can't bear it!" Stella rose abruptly and went over to the window.

Presently she said in a toneless voice: "I want to live in England, in my own home, with my own things around me. Not this awful, endless packing and moving. Never marry a soldier, Miranda!"

"Moral, never marry anyone," said Miranda, walking over quickly and hugging her. "It sounds much safer and far more comfortable to remain a resolute spinster—like me!"

Stella gave a dreary little laugh and turned away from the window. "What a mess I must look!" She turned on both washbasin taps and peered desolately at herself in the inadequate square of mirror above them. "Do you suppose if I slosh my face with cold water it will do any good? I can't go down to the dining-room looking like this! Robert has asked that Control Commission man to have dinner with us. You know—the elderly man we met on the train. Brigadier something or other."

"Brindley," supplied Miranda.

"That's it. . . . Do I look any better?"

"You look marvellous," said Miranda, lightly, and turned quickly away, thinking, with a sudden sense of shock, that Stella looked more than middle-aged; she looked haggard.

Stella Carrell, who had then been Stella Radley and was now Stella Melville, had been a grown woman of twenty-seven when Miranda, a leggy and frightened six-year-old, had first seen her. Then, and for many years, she had seemed old to Miranda. It was only during the last two or three years that Miranda had begun to think of Stella as an attractive woman in her thirties, and to admire her looks and copy her taste in clothes and hats. Stella had seemed to grow younger as Miranda grew older. But now, in the space of a few minutes, she had suddenly seemed to age ten years. Her blonde hair hung about her face in damp disorder, and Miranda noticed for the first time that its yellow fairness was touched with silver and that, without powder and rouge, her skin appeared faded and almost sallow, with a network of fine lines.

Seized by a disturbing thought, Miranda, who was twenty-one, turned quickly to stare at her own face in the dressing-table mirror. It gazed reassuringly back at her with eyes the colour of a winter sky; wide of cheekbone, pointed of chin, framed in curling dark hair and set on a long, slender throat the colour of warm ivory. A face which, allied to a slimmer-than-slim figure, had earned Miranda Brand a very comfortable income during the past two years as a fashion model.

I shall wear well, decided Miranda dispassionately. Stella, combing her hair before the washbasin mirror, looked once more serene and poised.

"Well," said Miranda. "You run along and change, and then we'll go down and see if there's a drinkable sherry."

The dining-room of the Families' Hostel was large and long, high-ceilinged and smelling of past meals, floor polish and overheated radiators.

Miranda, seated between her cousin Robert Melville and the retired brigadier, looked about her with interest. The Melvilles' table was between one occupied by a Colonel and Mrs. Leslie and another shared by two brother officers of Robert's and their wives—Major and Mrs. Marson and Lieutenant and Mrs. Page.

Beyond the Leslies sat Mrs. Wilkin and her five children. Mrs. Wilkin, a small, sparrow-like woman, had come out to join her husband, a sergeant whose unit was stationed in Berlin. She looked anxious and exhausted. The children had been noisy and unmanageable for twenty-four hours on end and were now completely out of hand. The eldest Wilkin, addressed by his mother as "Wally," was throwing bread. A demon child, thought Miranda with a grin.

She crumbled her bread and looked thoughtfully at the occupants of the table on her immediate left.

Colonel Leslie commanded one of the British regiments on duty in Berlin, and he and his wife were returning there from three weeks' leave in England. Norah Leslie might well have stood for a model of the army wife. One knew instinctively that she referred to her husband's regiment as "my regiment," to the regimental wives as "my wives," did her duty as to welfare and all that concerned the good of the battalion, played an excellent game of bridge, an adequate game of tennis and golf, read all the best-sellers and was sincerely convinced that there was only one regiment in the British Army that counted.

Robert, Stella and Miranda had shared a carriage with the Leslies from Liverpool Street to Harwich, and it appeared that Norah Leslie had been a near neighbour of Robert's during their childhood, though she had never met Stella before. But, although Colonel Leslie had made

Miranda put a hand on her shoulder to comfort

polite conversation, Mrs. Leslie had been curt to the point of rudeness, especially to Stella.

Miranda had felt angry and curious to know what was behind Mrs. Leslie's odd behaviour.

Norah Leslie was now looking at her husband, but Miranda was sure in her own mind that her attention was concentrated on the conversation at the Melvilles' table. Suddenly, Mrs. Leslie turned her head. It was not possible to tell whether she looked at Robert's squarely turned back or his wife's profile as she sat next to him listening to Brigadier Brindley's views on growing sweet peas, but the look itself did not require any interpretation. It is never possible to mistake naked hate.

Miranda turned away quickly, uncomfortable and more than a little startled. But no one else, it seemed, had noticed that frozen look. Brigadier Brindley was still going on about sweet peas and Robert and the elderly Swiss governess, Mademoiselle Marie Beljame, were occupied with Charlotte—Robert in answering his daughter's

her. "What is it, darling? What's the matter?" Stella sobbed uncontrollably. "Oh Randa, it's awful. Robert's regiment is being sent to Malaya"

questions and Mademoiselle Beljame in fussily supervising her table manners.

Charlotte was a remarkably plain child. She appeared to have inherited nothing of Robert's charm and outstanding good looks. Her mother had been a beauty, but she had died in giving birth to this plain little girl, and a year later Robert had married Stella Radley. Robert was younger than Stella by several years, but until tonight Miranda had never found it noticeable. Perhaps it was the contrast between Stella's carefully made-up face and the fresh, glowing prettiness of the girl who sat so near to her at the next table.

Sally Page had married her husband, a junior officer in Robert's regiment, when she was barely eighteen, and despite four years of marriage she still looked and behaved like a teenager. Andy and she had been stationed in Fayid during the two and a half years that Robert had been in the Canal Zone, and now they, too, were rejoining the regiment. If Stella looked like a florist's rose, Sally Page looked like a wild rose; sweet and fresh and heartbreakingly young and essentially English. From behind Stella's shoulder she was smiling now at Stella's husband. It was a revealing smile, as revealing as Mrs. Leslie's look had been, and Miranda, observing it, was aware of a swift little jab of anxiety. She thought fleetingly, not for the first time, how astonishingly good looking Robert was.

"NUMBER twenty-eight, did you say?" said Brigadier Brindley. "Why of course I know the house. Quite one of the pleasantest in Charlottenburg. Interesting, too, but only by association."

"How do you mean?" Robert leaned forward. "Did it belong to some spectacular Nazi?"

"No, but it belonged to the mother of Herr Ridder—Willi Ridder—and I suppose one could almost call him a spectacular character."

The brigadier cleared his throat and took a small sip of wine. "Willi Ridder," he went on, "was a prominent member of the Nazi Secret Service. But outwardly he was merely a wealthy Berliner in high favour with the Nazi hierarchy."

"And he lived in our house? It sounds as if it ought to be very Park Lane-ish," said Stella.

"No. It was only his mother who lived in your house. He and his wife lived in another house not so very far from yours. It's a ruin now. In spite of his wealth he lived comparatively simply. No large staff, just a cook-housekeeper and a sort of valet-cum-major-domo, with outside help only when it was required for special occasions."

The brigadier paused as though he had made a point and took another sip of Niersteiner.

"I don't suppose big shots in any secret service like having too many hangers-on around the house," observed Robert.

"Quite," agreed the brigadier. "But in the light of after events I am inclined to put a less obvious and more sinister interpretation upon it. In my opinion, it was part of a plan. I knew Herr Ridder."

There was a satisfying pause around the table.

"I met him in 1937," the brigadier went

The brigadier was bewildered. "The whole thing's one fantastic coincidence," Robert explained

on, "when he was visiting England. In the following year I happened to be in Berlin for a few days, and Herr Ridder invited me to stay with him. I spent only one night in his house, but my memory of that visit is most distinct. Owing to what happened afterwards, I have thought back over that brief visit with great interest."

"What *did* happen?" begged Miranda, impatiently.

"All in good time, my dear," said Brigadier Brindley. "Perhaps you will remember that in the late spring of 1940 Germany attacked Holland. Well, at that time there happened to be, in Rotterdam, a fortune in cut diamonds, ready for trans-shipment to Britain and the United States. Ridder was entrusted with the task of taking them back to Berlin. I may say they were worth several million pounds."

Brigadier Brindley paused to help himself with some deliberation to stewed fruit and custard. Conversation at the two neighbouring tables had ceased, and their occupants were openly listening. Even the children were quiet.

"Yes," he went on at last. "Ridder took possession of the diamonds, was flown to Berlin by night and landed at Tempelhof Airfield. There he was met by his personal car and driven to his house. And neither he nor his wife were ever seen again. They simply disappeared."

"They skipped with the diamonds?" said Robert.

BRIGADIER BRINDLEY nodded. "That seems to be the explanation. When Ridder failed to report next day, a search was made. I believe it took some weeks before the bodies of the cook and the valet were found buried in quicklime in the garden. The wreckage of the car and the body of the chauffeur were found in a town near the Dutch border."

There was silence for a moment, and Stella shuddered audibly.

"Did no one ever find out what had happened to Willi Ridder and his wife?" asked Robert.

"No. They could only guess. Their guess—and mine—is that the Ridders murdered their two servants and used their passports and papers in order to conceal their own identity. The names of Herr and Frau Schumacher would have meant little to anyone; they doubtless joined up with a refugee column."

"But what do you suppose they meant to do?" demanded Robert. "They couldn't have expected to get away."

"The supposition is that the diamonds never left Holland, that Herr Ridder managed to conceal them in some makeshift hiding place and returned with an empty bag to Berlin, his intention being to go back and collect them, after which he and his wife would try to get to England or Spain and from there to the United States—who were not at that time in the war."

"So they got away?"

"They got away. And from that day to this they have never been heard of again."

"Has nobody ever found a clue? Or heard even a rumour?" asked Stella.

"Yes, there was a clue, though nothing ever came of it. I myself have always thought it provides the most intriguing part of the story.

"In May, 1940, a little band of refugees was landed in England from a small fishing boat. Among them was a child. An English child. Her parents had been in Belgium when the German attack came, and they had been killed. She was sent with a batch of sick refugees to some hospital or home in Sussex until she could be identified. She was carrying a large doll from which she refused to be parted."

The silence about the table suddenly changed its quality.

THE brigadier went on: "Some time later, she broke the doll, and a kindly doctor offered to see if he could mend it for her. It was then discovered that the hollow body of the doll was stuffed with jewels and over £5,000 in high-denomination British and American banknotes. The child had no idea at all how they came to be there. She insisted that the doll had been given her for Christmas and that nobody had touched it but herself. The jewels were later identified as being the property of Frau Ilse Ridder."

There was a long, long silence. Robert was looking thunderstruck, Miranda's face had paled and she and Stella were staring at the brigadier open-mouthed.

"Well I'm damned!" said Robert with explosive violence.

"B-but—but—oh, it can't be true!" Stella gasped. "This is the most amazing thing I ever heard!"

Miranda, her face pale and her eyes enormous, cried: "It's just a staggering coincidence. It's marvellous!"

"I am afraid I do not quite understand," began the brigadier, patently bewildered.

Robert leaned forward. "The whole thing's one fantastic coincidence," he said.

Stella broke in: "You see, that hospital you mentioned—the one in Sussex—well, it wasn't a proper hospital. It was only a sort of nursing home during the war. It was my house, 'Mallow'—and I was nursing there. Miranda was the little girl with the doll!"

"Well, I'm damned!" said Brigadier Brindley. He looked a little wildly round the table.

"You're not by any chance pulling my leg?" he inquired suspiciously.

"No, I promise you we're not!" said Stella. "It's quite true. Isn't it, Robert? Ask Miranda! She must remember it."

"Of course I do," said Miranda slowly. "I dropped Wilhelmina—that was the doll—on the paving stones of the terrace and her head came off. I remember that they confiscated all Wilhelmina's stuffing, and I howled the roof

Continued on page 42

Oxford argues on Thursdays

by REX GRIZELL

As Steward of the Oxford Union, Leslie Crawte helps to control undergraduate high spirits. On the weekly debate night, he may meet ex-Premiers or find a baboon at dinner

Crawte (left) and Michael Heseltine, Oxford Union president, don't always see eye to eye

THE DEBATING HALL of the Oxford Union Society was packed to its capacity of nine hundred for its first televised debate, last February. Students crowded the benches, and distinguished guests in evening dress filled the gallery. The president had declared the house full and the debate had been in progress for some time when a party of high-spirited undergraduates in evening dress loudly demanded admittance.

The tellers on the doors recognized among them some well-known Oxford students who were not members of the Union, and refused to let them in. A hand-to-hand struggle started; one man forced his way through, then cheering broke out, and it looked as if the situation might get out of control.

The president pressed a small button behind his chair, and a bell rang in the office of Leslie Crawte, Steward of the Union. To Crawte, the sound of that bell meant trouble: collecting members of the staff who were on duty, he made his way to the hall and, after a fierce struggle, succeeded in ejecting the trouble makers.

Quelling riotous members is only one of the many duties of Leslie Crawte, who is in charge of the Union's permanent staff of thirty clerks, librarians and dining-room and kitchen workers. Although it is known as the world's most famous debating society, the Oxford Union prefers to describe itself as a men's club which holds debates.

Smoke Bomb At Debate

In addition to the debating hall, there is a restaurant which serves more than three hundred three- or four-course meals every day, a billiards room with two full-sized tables, two libraries containing more than 70,000 books, a panelled lounge bar, a reading-room which receives a copy of every English daily paper, a writing-room, a television cinema, and—opened recently by Lady Docker—a night club. It is Crawte's job to see that the decisions of the standing committee of elected undergraduates, which controls the Union, are carried out efficiently.

Crawte, who has worked at the Union for more than twenty years, often has to deal with awkward incidents. In March, 1948, when the Union was debating the Oxford town planning scheme, thick acrid smoke began to pour into the crowded hall. Some practical jokers had planted

At crowded debates, members sit on the floor of the hall. There are sometimes fierce struggles when undergraduates try to fight their way in

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

The Union is for men only. Women are allowed as guests in the restaurant and in the gallery of the debating hall—but they may not take part in debates except at the invitation of the president

a smoke bomb behind a swing door, and wedged it open.

When Crawte arrived, the fumes were too strong for him to reach the bomb, and the hall had to be cleared for twenty minutes.

The lights have frequently been switched off at the main during debates, and for a while speakers have continued in darkness. On one occasion the cable carrying power to the hall was chopped through: the debate went on by candlelight.

Crawte's experience has taught him to expect two things from undergraduates—high spirits and idealism. "It's youth," he says. Last term, a young man who supported the motion "This house prefers Communism to a third World War" with a pacifist speech received an ovation for his courage and sincerity.

To those critics who accuse the Union of being flippant and irresponsible, Crawte points out that, during its 130 years' existence, it has produced six archbishops, eight bishops, three prime ministers, five viceroys, four lord chancellors and more than a hundred M.P.s, and can certainly claim to be a nursery of statesmen.

More Than 22,000 Members

Among prominent men who have been officers of the Union are Harold Macmillan, Lord Kilmuir (formerly Sir David Maxwell Fyfe), A. T. Lennox-Boyd, Sir Walter Monckton, Lord Hore-Belisha, Sir Alan Herbert, Michael Foot, Lord Hailsham, J. B. S. Haldane, H. G. Strauss, Lord Simon and Beverley Nichols.

About two thousand of Oxford's seven thousand undergraduates are members of the Union, and there are more than 20,000 life members scattered throughout the world. It is the most expensive of Oxford's clubs—the entrance fee is £1, and 30s. is paid for each term of membership.

Women undergraduates may sit with the guests in the gallery, but are not allowed to join the Union, and may not take part in debates except at the invitation of the president.

Famous figures of political and public life are always ready to speak at the Union. Among those who have done so, Crawte remembers, are Sir Winston Churchill, Sir Anthony Eden, Clement Attlee, Paul Reynaud, Hugh Gaitskell, Barbara Castle and Gillie Potter. The reception given to them by the Union varies from enthusiastic welcome to active disapproval. When Harry Pollitt came to the Union in the thirties, he was greeted with bags of flour hurled from the gallery.

"When Mr. Attlee came in January, 1952," says Crawte, "the house was packed and five hundred undergraduates rushed the doors. We had to send for the police to hold them back."

A successful Union career capped by the presidency is one of the highest honours of the undergraduate world. Union presidents—there are only three in each academic year—are rarer than rowing blues.

At one time, says Crawte, a man could fight his way to the top of the Union with the ability to tell a joke well, and to be sarcastic at his opponent's expense. He feels that in the last few years there has been a change: the Union now likes to elect officers who are sincere as well as witty. In common with other people who know the Union well, Crawte finds the standard of debating much lower than it used to be—though men speaking in the presidential debate spend weeks preparing, often with the help of friends, the speeches which may win them the necessary votes.

Crawte sits with committee members and advises on points of Union procedure and tradition. "I try to stop them doing anything too drastic, and remind them of the practical side of things." Occasionally, he comes into temporary conflict with officers who think he is putting unnecessary objections in the way of their schemes. He admits that he has sometimes had a stormy passage with this term's president, Michael Heseltine, who has been in turn a member of the library committee, the standing committee, then secretary, treasurer, and president, the normal route to success in the Union.

The Union holds debates every Thursday night during term. The motions for debate are chosen by the president, who also invites the guest speakers.

Every member is bound by the rules to submit to the authority of the chair. During one recent debate a member who persistently interrupted was asked by the president to leave. He refused to do so; the president ordered the tellers to remove him, and he was carried out, feet first, still struggling.

The rules of the society require the officers to wear evening dress for debates. Most of the motions debated are of a serious nature, and some occur repeatedly. The perennial favourite is "This house has no confidence in Her Majesty's Government," which has been carried more than sixty times. This term, in a Union which at present has a slight right-wing bias, the motion was defeated by twenty votes.

Some debates are meant to give the members an opportunity to be irrelevant and high-spirited. One of these is held in Eights Week every year. It is a social occasion, and is honoured by guest speakers renowned for their wit. The motion this year was "This house prefers the White Rabbit to the Red Queen."

Played Flute To A Rope

At that time the Union president was an Indian, Raghavan Iyer. In his honour the Union officers entered the packed hall wearing silken turbans, black frock coats and white trousers, in an attempt to represent Indian ceremonial dress.

A gong was beaten as they entered, and Heseltine, then treasurer, played a flute which apparently persuaded a rope to uncoil and rise towards the roof. This was suggested by Crawte, who learned this version of the Indian rope trick while serving with the medical corps in the Sudan. It was easily managed with a fishing line and a helper in the gallery.

It is in the Union tradition to enter wholeheartedly into the spirit of debates. When the house debated that it "would rather be a don than a dustman," one speaker became a dustman for a day to see what it was like, and the secretary entered the hall on a corporation dust cart borrowed for the occasion.

At various times members have appeared in the hall in full Elizabethan or Restoration costume, and when the house debated its regret at the passing of Victorianism, an undergraduate dressed in striped blazer, straw hat, and white flannels wheeled a penny-farthing into the hall.

The first meeting of the Oxford Union Society was held on December 3, 1825. A debating society had been in existence for about two years, strongly opposed by the university authorities and hunted by them from college to college, and room to room.

When the Union applied for permission to rent a room for its headquarters, it was refused—but the society met in the forbidden room. The proctor, an officer who enforces university discipline, sent a message asking the members "to disperse and retire each to your own college."

Gladstone Was President

The president replied with dignity. "Sir, this house has received the proctor's message, and will send an answer to the summons by an officer of its own." From then on, the society met little opposition; one of its earliest presidents (1830) was W. E. Gladstone.

Crawte has a strong sense of the Union's traditions and basic dignity, but last year he was faced with a situation for which there was no precedent. On November 5, a debate on commercial television was held. Christopher Mayhew, M.P., one of the guest speakers asked if he could bring a baboon. The president told him he could bring it to dinner if he liked.

When Crawte heard about the idea, he thought it was not in the best Union tradition and tried to stop it. Then he remembered that, although Union rules forbade the admission of dogs, no provision had been made for baboons.

Accompanied by its woman owner, the baboon seemed quite at ease, says Crawte, and ate its meal of bananas and milk "like a gentleman."

THE END

They climbed on, worming and pulling their way up the rocky slope until they could go no farther. The voice below implored them: "Go on! Go on!"

SEARCH FOR RANTER

by DUDLEY HOYS

Above them was a rock they couldn't climb—and below, a raging fire. They'd be lucky to save themselves now, let alone a dog

THE RESCUE OF RANTER has given us a lot to talk over this spring. Lemon and white, with a lean ripple about him, and probably the most intelligent hound in the pack, he had been a favourite with the dales folk for several seasons. As for old Todd, the master, he was reputed to have said once: "I'd as soon lose haycrop as Ranter." And that is something, in a place where we count good grass almost by the blade.

The episode of Ranter started with the meet at Nether Wasdale, one dry and bitter morning. For some eight months of the year the Hunt is on the job nearly every day, and if sensitive people who object to blood sports should wince at this information, they should be told the fact that, with us, hunting is a business. Unless the big, swift hill-foxes are kept down, there would be slaughter at lambing time. Our Herdwick and Swaledale flocks would gradually vanish from the fells. A sentimentalized Reynard in a story book, pictured with a coat of rufous silk and a doggy grin, looks beautiful. He looks the opposite when he finds a sheep struggling in a snowdrift or caught up by whins, and starts to gnaw a meal out of the living animal.

If we could, we would trap him. But that is impossible, for on the unfenced heights there can be no way of keeping our sheep and our dogs from blundering into the traps. Some have suggested poison, forgetting that our dogs would be just as likely to pick up the deadly bait.

Others who abominate the very word Hunt have said: Then why not confine yourselves to shooting the creature? A few hours aloft, among the broken, secret wilderness of our fells, would make them realize the hopelessness of that suggestion. A dozen men with guns could comb the ridges and hummocks and crag faces for a month and never see a fox. Without dogs to pick up the scent and then keep after him, it would be like searching for sixpence dropped into a quicksand.

About a dozen attended the meet at Nether Wasdale. Joe, the huntsman, a short, thick man of forty, smooth and quiet of face, and not given to talking, came round on a push-bike from the kennels at Tryson Ground, the pack pattering at his heels. Another to arrive on a bike was old Todd, seventy if he is a day, leading

ILLUSTRATED BY WYLES

Continued on page 59

SHOOT FIRST! (4) by RONNIE NOBLE

I join the cut-throat fight for scoops

As the war ended, so the battle between the rival newsreels began. No quarter was asked and none was given. The prize went to the cameraman who shot first—and argued afterwards

WHEN THE SECOND WORLD WAR ended, another picked up where it had left off in 1939. It was the newsreel war. The five-year truce between the British newsreels was over; five years of sharing cameramen, sharing facilities, sharing film supplied by government and Service film units. VJ-Day was the signal for us to go ahead and put Universal Newsreel at the top. From now on there would be no quarter asked and none given. We were back to real open competition as it had existed between the wars, when a cameraman was not only judged by the quality of his photography, but on his initiative in beating the opposition.

It is this kind of competition that makes a newsreel cameraman's life one of the best in the world. He comes into his own; he must show additional qualities. He must be a journalist and a "pincher." As a journalist he will see the story and write it with his camera, and as a "pincher" he will get in anywhere where there's a story, regardless of attempts to deny him entrance. If an opposition newsreel buys the filming rights of an event, a good newsreel cameraman will not only attend that event, but will film it and get the film back to the laboratories without being caught by the police.

"Pinching is the life-blood of the newsreel business," said veteran Jack Cotter of Movietone News. And nobody knew more about it than he did. Jack Cotter was an artist. He never believed in the simple approach, but preferred to make his pinches in the most spectacular manner.

West Ham were drawn at home for an important Cup Tie one year. A newsreel company bought the filming rights, but Movietone determined to pinch the match and Jack Cotter was nominated to organize. He was a man of outstanding physical appearance — short, very thick-set, red-faced and with a bald head. You could pick him out of a million. The chances of his walking undetected through a turnstile carrying a movie-camera were out of the question. But that did not bother Cotter.

"Leslie Murray—my editor for three exciting years—lived and breathed newsreels. He was more than ready to stand by me in trouble—he seemed to go out of his way to get me in it"

The Clown In The Top Hat

The football ground was packed tight. There wasn't room for one more spectator. The soccer fans rang bells, blew bugles and rattled rattles, and on the perimeter track the various mascots of both teams acted as cheer leaders and clowns. Among them was a man dressed in a vivid silk suit in the West Ham colours. On his head was a top hat to match, and he wore huge glasses and a big black moustache. He carried a gigantic hammer, nearly six feet long.

Without doubt, he was the "Hammers'" favourite fan. He danced around, led the singing, pretended to hit the "rightful" newsreel cameramen across the head with his hammer, and then, as the two teams ran out on to the field he escorted them to the centre spot for the toss-up. Never had there been such a mascot.

Then the ball was kicked off. He sat behind one of the goals for a rest. Is it surprising that nobody noticed him extract a movie camera from the hammer's head? For who would expect to find Jack Cotter, chief cameraman for Movietone News, sitting on the goal line dressed in a gaudy silk suit and hat and "pinching" the Cup Tie?

Rivals were out to "pinch" the Taylor Quads' them by ushering the babies inside one by

A really first-class pinch is one that remains undetected until the story hits the screen. Paramount News has always specialized in this kind of pinch and was responsible for one of the "classics." A heavyweight championship fight was to be held at White City, and one newsreel had bought the rights. Paramount News was determined to pinch the bout, and not only film it but actually record sound at the same time. This meant that they must smuggle two hundredweight of camera and sound-recording apparatus into White City, operate the huge camera for fifteen rounds without being detected, and hide the camera during the one-minute intervals between rounds.

The crowds lined up at the White City and Movietone had its watchdogs on all entrances, looking for pirate cameramen. Among the fight fans were the usual number of invalids who arrived in their chairs and were placed in a special enclosure from which they could watch. Each one was being helped through the door by the commissionaires and sent on the way to the enclosure. One poor chap arrived and tried to manoeuvre his way through the door, but could not negotiate the step. "Hold on," said a commissionaire. "I'll give you a push."

He put his shoulder to the wheel, but the invalid chair would not bump over the step.

"Here, mate," said the commissionaire to one

homecoming—a story exclusive to Noble's newsreel. Noble outwitted one—with cards advertising Universal News round the bearers' necks

Palestine 1947: an illegal immigrant ship runs aground. Noble (right) and two colleagues went to film her—and were pelted with pots and pans

of the Movietone watchdogs, "give us a hand."

The watchdog looked around, could see no pirate cameraman, so he deserted his post and helped to push the invalid to the enclosure. "Thanks," said the invalid, and turned to the commissionaire. "I'm a bit long-sighted. If I stay here I won't be able to see the fight. Could you put me farther back somewhere?"

When The Lights Went Out

The commissionaire recruited some more help, and they struggled under the heaviest invalid-chair in the world, first up one flight then another. "This'll do," said the cripple. "Thank you very much."

A few minutes later the lights went out for one of the subsidiary bouts. Up jumped the cripple, throwing off his blankets. Rapidly he began unloading the hidden camera and sound equipment. The spectators seated nearby were not astonished at this odd behaviour for they, too, worked for Paramount Newsreel, which had bought all the seats in the area. In a few moments the camera was set up, and they were ready to shoot. One of their men strolled down to the ring-side holding a microphone in his pocket and trailing a thin cable behind him to record the sound effects.

When the main bout started Paramount began filming. In between rounds its team of stooges stood up to "stretch their legs." It was no coincidence that by reading their newspapers they completely hid from view the cameraman and the massive sound camera. It so happened that the "rightful" company had camera trouble on that fight, and when the two film versions appeared on the screen the next day there was no doubt that Paramount's was the better. It was a great shock for the rightful company, which had no idea that its fight had been pinched.

A man who proved his worth at pinching was Leslie Murray. He worked with a sound recordist as his partner, and they built up a reputation as the toughest newsreel team on the road. The sound-man was Terry Cotter, nephew of Jack, and cousin of John Cotter.

Murray and Cotter believed in the psychological approach to pinching. They believed in bluff; no creeping through turnstiles for them, no hiding the camera under their jackets. It was the front door or nothing, nor would they dream of paying entrance fees. One of their most successful gambits was the "angry cameraman and his stupid assistant." They used it once to get into the Arsenal ground without a ticket.

The watchdogs were on all the normal entrances through which the pinching cameraman might pass. The only door unguarded was the directors' entrance. Murray and Cotter drove up in a taxi, carrying a small camera in a leather case. Murray knocked at the door and, as the commissionaire opened it from the inside, he began shouting: "For heaven's sake go back to the office and tell them you can't come in with me unless they give you a ticket."

"But they said. . . ." replied Cotter.

"I don't care what they said. You can't come in with me. They should have made up their minds before," snapped Murray.

The commissionaire stood anxiously watching.

"You always treat me like this," moaned Cotter. "Every time I come with. . . ."

"I've told them I don't want you with me. You're more nuisance than you're worth."

"But . . ." moaned Cotter.

"For goodness' sake," Murray said, turning to the commissionaire. "Will you please tell this idiot that he must have a ticket."

"Now run along, you," the commissionaire instructed Cotter. "Stop bothering this gentleman: I've got orders not to allow anybody in here without a ticket."

Over The Wall And Away

He stood aside to let Leslie Murray through the door, then barred Cotter's approach. The ticketless Murray filmed the teams running on to the field, and the kick-off, then ran to a pre-arranged spot.

"Terry?" he shouted.

"Yes," came the voice from the other side of the wall outside the ground.

"Right, here it comes," said Murray, tossing the film magazine over, then turned round to let the watchdogs arrest him. They were too late, for the film was already on its way to Movietone laboratories. Meanwhile, more pirate cameramen were somewhere in the crowd of sixty thousand, filming the match. But Murray had pinched the important shot.

To be a successful pincher, a cameraman

In his mother's arms, baby Prince Charles goes on his first car ride—his father at the wheel. Noble and his colleagues scored a scoop on this story

needs a good boss who will stand by his cameramen in the event of trouble. I was lucky in having this same Leslie Murray as my chief at Universal Newsreel when I went a-pinching. He was more than prepared to get me out of trouble; he seemed to go out of his way to get me in it. And when he suggested I should pinch the tracking shot on the Lincolnshire Handicap, I saw prison staring me in the face.

The Lincoln is a straight race a mile long. Beside the racecourse there is a road, and it is possible to film the Lincoln, from the start to almost the finish, by tracking along this road beside the horses, with a camera mounted on the top of a camera car. Naturally, the newsreel which buys the filming rights makes this shot, which is the most thrilling racing picture of any British racecourse. The cinema spectator has the impression of being on a horse, of actually taking part in the race.

Given Motor-cycle Escort

Because of possible dangers, the camera car has a police escort. Two outriders on motor-cycles and a patrol car clear the road and generally "nurse" the camera car during the race. Behind them comes the B.B.C. mobile recording car from which the sports commentator puts over a direct commentary on the race.

Murray called me into his office one day. His desk was covered by charts, maps and rough sketches. "You're going to pinch the Lincoln tracking shot," he said.

"Impossible," I replied. "The police will never let us get on the road, let alone drive along it. It's the one unpinchable shot in the business."

"Look at this," he said, pointing to a chart.

I followed his finger and saw his strategy immediately. Halfway along the straight was a cart track leading to a pigsty, which was surrounded by a rather tall hedge. We could hide a camera there. There was enough room.

"O.K. I'll try it. But you'll have to bail me out," I replied, and we began planning.

We drove up to Grantham the night before the race and stayed at the Red Lion, from where we planned to go to Lincoln very early in the morning and put our plan into action. After dinner we went to the bar, and there, in full force, stood the cameramen from Pathé, which had bought the rights. "Where are you all going?" asked one.

"We're going to pinch the Lincoln," said John Cotter with a laugh. The Pathé men considered this a great joke.

Just after dawn, we drove our Humber camera car along the road adjacent to the course. Then, about three hundred yards from the starting line, we turned down the cart track which led us into the pigsty. To our relief, the hedge hid the car from the road, and we camouflaged the top of the camera with tree branches and leaves. To get the car back on to the road we would have to reverse—there was not room to turn round. But for the plan to work we needed to reverse, anyway.

Over a picnic lunch we discussed the details again and again. "Everything depends on our getting to the road unmolested," I said. "If we do that, we stand a good chance."

"This should take care of that," said Murray, and held up a card which read: "Official Car." . As we attached it to the car, Cotter went off on a reconnaissance. His report was unfavourable. "There's a policeman stationed just where this track meets the road. Pathé have got a camera position only twenty yards farther on. If they spot us, we've had it."

Took Cue From Glendenning

We listened to the car radio and heard Raymond Glendenning setting the Lincoln scene for the listeners. As he described the paddock and called the horses' numbers, we took our timing from him. "Start her up," I told Stan Crocket, the sound-recordist and driver.

John Cotter took up his position, sitting through the open window on the near side with arms ready to reach over the car roof to hold my legs. I climbed over the back of the car and took up position on the roof. John Cotter grasped my ankles. His job was to hold me on when we were at high speed, or hit a bump, or if the car had to swerve suddenly. I flicked the camera on. We were ready to go.

On the radio, Glendenning was saying: "They're just cantering down to the start, and soon they should be under starter's orders."

"Let's go," I said, and spread my feet wider to get a better grip on the car's smooth roof.

Stan Crocket gently backed the car. Very slowly, he negotiated the end of the hedge, and we were reversing slowly towards the road. We had to reach it just as Glendenning told us they were under starter's orders: At that moment, everybody should be too busy looking at the horses to notice us pull on the road.

"A little faster, please," I said, and Stan gradually put on speed. As our rear wheels touched the road, I heard Glendenning shout: "They're under starter's orders!"

"This is it," grunted John Cotter, taking a firmer grasp on my legs.

The Police Sirens Screamed

Crocket swung the car round and reversed down the road towards the start. I saw the policeman look at us. Pathé's cameraman was only a few yards from us now, but he was looking through his viewfinder, and we passed undetected, right under his nose. I glanced towards the start and panned the camera that way. There on the road, facing us, were the two police motor-cyclists, the patrol car, Pathé's camera truck with Jock Gemmell on the top looking through his viewfinder, and behind him the B.B.C. car with Glendenning.

Back . . . back . . . farther back we crept. Still the horses weren't ready to go. Somebody must see us soon, I thought. Just as we were twenty yards from the police, one of them looked up. He began to shout. I started the camera running.

"They're off!" I heard everybody shriek, and saw the horses coming towards my camera. Crocket changed into forward gear and, as the horses swung alongside, we went off at their speed, with the camera trained on the galloping line. I heard police sirens screaming, and a car sounding its hooter. Crocket ignored the noise and we raced on alongside the horses.

Cotter held on tight to my legs. "Keep going, Stan," he shrieked. "We've done it."

Still the horses filled my screen. We were getting a perfect racing shot. On and on we went—I seemed to be flying through the air. They told me afterwards that the speedometer read 50 m.p.h. at one part of the straight. I was conscious of the sirens and shouts going on

all around me, but I was concerned only with keeping those horses in the picture. I seemed to have been filming for hours. Then, suddenly, I felt the car beneath me lurch and wobble. The horses seemed to swing left in my view-finder, and then I was filming the back of a grandstand as we flashed through the car-park on to the aerodrome road.

Crocket was driving full out now. We had to get to the airport before the police caught up with us. As Cotter held me tight, I took the film magazine off the camera, then pushed it through a rear window, which was open for that purpose. Cotter then let go my legs and passed up a decoy film magazine, which contained a few hundred feet of useless film. This we could give to the police if they arrested us before we could get our exposed film on to the aircraft which was standing by.

The car was now flat out and our tyres screamed as Crocket braked to swerve into the aerodrome. Cotter jumped off the running-board before we stopped, and I watched him running across the tarmac grasping the exposed film magazine. He handed it to the pilot and a few seconds later the Auster taxied along for the take-off. We had done it! We had pinched the tracking shot of the Lincoln, and the film was already on the way to Wardour Street.

Rival's Sporting Gesture

Next day, we saw the newsreels. No wonder Pathé were mad. They had a very good tracking shot. Very good, indeed. Unfortunately, it showed only the rear view of the Lincolnshire Handicap, for we had blocked them completely. They took their defeat in good part, and actually sent a letter to Universal Newsreel congratulating us on "one of the best pinches ever." No legal action was taken, but Pathé were out for blood from then on. . . .

"Were you in the Middle East during the war?" asked Murray one day.

"Yes," I replied.

"Well, you're going there again. To Palestine. Tomorrow."

"I can't. I'm getting married."

"She can wait."

"She's waited two years."

"Then another couple of months won't break her heart."

So my wedding to Jinny, the Ensa girl I had met during the war, was postponed once again. Next day, I was flying out to Palestine, feeling far from happy as I recalled the headlines about the terrorist activities of the Stern Gang and the Irgun Zvai Leumi.

Troops Were On The Alert

We touched down at Lydda Airport in Palestine, and I set out for Jerusalem in a taxi which I shared with a Danish journalist. A British Army truck sped past us towards Jerusalem, bearing a load of bronzed soldiers. They were all well armed, and there was none of the nonchalance that one expects from British troops abroad. These men were alert, and scanned the inside of our taxi as they drove by.

"This is going to be no joy-ride," said my companion as we approached the roadblock on the outskirts of Jerusalem. "There is an air about this country which I do not like."

A British sergeant checked our papers and motioned one of his men to lift the barrier and let us through. "More newspapermen," he growled, "turning up like vultures."

Nothing much happened for several days. I settled in at the press billets inside the security zone and made a background film of the life of the troops and British families in Jerusalem. Then, one day, I sat sipping coffee with David Prosser of Movietone Newsreel.

"There won't be anything today," said Prosser.

"Why not?"

"Well, it's the Jewish Sunday. The terrorists

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Smoke rises from blazing oil tanks blown up by Jewish terrorists in Haifa. As Noble filmed the fire, a second story broke. The terrorists, using explosives, had forced their way into a bank

Ronnie Noble (right) was playing tennis nearby when terrorists blew up the Goldsmith Officers' Club in Jerusalem. Within a minute, he was filming the wreckage and the rescue of the survivors

Castle Minerva

by VICTOR CANNING

ILLUSTRATED BY FANCETT

Drexel was near the border now, thinking he was safe. He didn't know that I was free—and coming after him

NOW IT LOOKED AS IF I—and Sophie Orbais—had come to the end. I had been tricked by Drexel's men and re-captured. Knowing what I knew about them they could not let me live. . . .

My name is David Fraser, and I am a schoolmaster. Colonel Drexel himself had hired me for a vacation job at Banyuls, in the south of France. I had to look after Prince Jabal, heir to an Arabian oil throne. Drexel told me the boy wanted to renew a British oil concession against the regent's wishes. Acting on his own responsibility—the Foreign Office officially knew nothing of his plans—Drexel had abducted him. I was to guard the boy until the F.O. could take over.

What a laugh that was! In fact, Drexel was playing a double game. He planned to kidnap Jabal himself—and "sell" him back to the oil company. And it was to appear that I was the kidnapper.

The operation was skilfully planned. First Sophie Orbais, one of the gang, was to vamp me and introduce me to two of Drexel's strong-arm

I came round slowly, and heard the crackle of flames. Sophie was at my side, shaking me. "David—quick, quick! I can hear the others coming"

men, Sarrasin and Paviot. These men, ostensibly coming to borrow a boat, were to knock me out and take the boy. It all went as planned—except for one small thing. Sophie and I fell in love.

When I was on my way to Perpignan for police interrogation, the gang carefully "rescued" me and, with Jabal, I was held in a crumbling château in the hills—Castle Minerva. It was there I heard of Drexel's treachery and, full of rage, managed to follow him one night and catch him. We battered each other into a stupor, and Drexel suffered concussion. Finding me gone, the gang fled, taking Jabal. In desperation, I sought the help of a genial Englishman called Dunwoody, who was camping nearby.

I suppose experience should have taught me something, but it didn't. Dunwoody was in the plot too!

In the château I found a circus poster and recognized a picture of Sarrasin. To check up, I went to the circus . . . but Dunwoody got there before me. I managed to make contact with Sophie before the gang, in an audacious move, took me from the audience as though I was part of the act.

Now, with Sophie, I was a prisoner again, being taken away in a lorry. . . .

FINAL INSTALMENT

"You Two Will Die"

DUNWOODY could not contain his mirth. "Oh," he choked. "Lord, it was funny! Funny. . . . Oh, we fixed that up a treat. If you could have seen yourself! Up and down, up and down. . . . I'll never forget it!"

I said evenly: "Don't laugh your head off, Dunwoody. One day I'm going to knock it off."

"Not you, chum." The bubble of dying humour was still in his voice. "Not you, chum. I don't like to say it, but you're the one who's going to be knocked off. You and the girl."

It didn't come through at once. Only slowly. *You and the girl.* The words chilled me. My hand found Sophie's and I held it tight.

"You're a swine, Dunwoody," I said. "A dirty swine. . . ."

I made a movement towards him. At once Fargette's gun came up. And Dunwoody chuckled and said: "Control yourself, Mr. Fraser. If you don't, we'll let the girl have it first."

I got myself in hand then. I began to wonder that I could have been such an innocent. First Drexel, and now Dunwoody. I was getting my share this trip.

I said: "What have you done with the colonel?"

Dunwoody's eyes opened a little wider. "Nothing—except a deal." He flicked a fat finger towards the far side of the lorry. Lying in the shadows I saw a slight, curled-up form, a head cushioned on an arm. It was Jabal, apparently sleeping peacefully.

"Drugged," said Dunwoody, a little severely, even disapprovingly, "and I hope they haven't overdone it, because he's got a trip ahead of him early this morning, a nice little trip back to Ramaut, by way of Spain. And I'm real grateful to you, Mr. Fraser. If it hadn't been for you, I'd never have pulled it off."

"To Ramaut?" I heard myself echoing. "To Ramaut? But the colonel said he was working with the oil company. . . . You're a regent's man, you're a murderer!"

"I'm just doing a job," Dunwoody said comfortably. "Anyway, you fixed it for me. I offered the colonel a deal from the regent ages ago, but he turned it down. Then you mucked him up. If you'd sat tight in the château, he'd have gone to the oil company and Jabal wouldn't be putting up his shutters."

He jabbed his forefinger at me. "You, chum, fixed Jabal up. You gave me my chance to talk the colonel round. Remember the time you came in and said you thought you'd heard voices? Well, you did. His and mine, when we were making the bed."

I scarcely heard what he was saying. One thought was hammering incessantly in my brain—that Dunwoody was right and I was the one to blame for what they were going to do with Jabal now. . . .

We were in the lorry a good two hours. I had Sophie's hand in mine and I had the comforting feeling that she had found a new strength. She no longer seemed to be afraid. But I was, for her and Jabal and, frankly, for myself.

The lorry stopped and I was jerked forward. Somewhere outside I heard men's voices and then the bang of doors and the squeal of hinges. The lorry moved again and then stopped. The doors at the back were pulled back and as Fargette and Dunwoody rose, covering us still, I saw Gerard, Sarrasin and Paviot outside.

So far as I could see, we were in a large barn. A couple of hurricane lamps were burning on two cases near the wide-open double doors and outside was a moonlit stretch of rough ground.

There was a pungent smell and suddenly, from the darkness at the side of the barn, I heard the disturbed grunt of some animal.

"Come down and behave yourselves," said Gerard.

I jumped down and turned, reaching up a hand for Sophie. She joined me and they closed in around us. We were shepherded across the barn. The whole of one side was taken up by animal cages raised about three feet off the ground.

Gerard opened the cage on the extreme left by the door. There was no point in protesting or fighting. There were too many of them. Sophie climbed up and I followed her. Gerard slammed the bolt over, padlocked it and they all stood back, looking at us. We might have been new animal stock, just arrived.

Then they turned and left us. I saw Gerard hang his keys on a nail by the large doors. Fargette closed and locked the back of the lorry with Jabal in it, and they all went out, shutting the double doors behind them.

Sophie told me where we were. It was the farm which was used as the winter quarters and training establishment for the circus. It stood on the edge of a lake, about forty miles from Banyuls and well up in the mountains. The Franco-Spanish border was within five miles by a route, over very rough country, which Gerard and Sarrasin had used in the past for smuggling.

WE sat on the bare boards of the cage floor and talked in low voices. The cage next to ours on the right was full of birds. I could see them moving restlessly on their long bamboo perches.

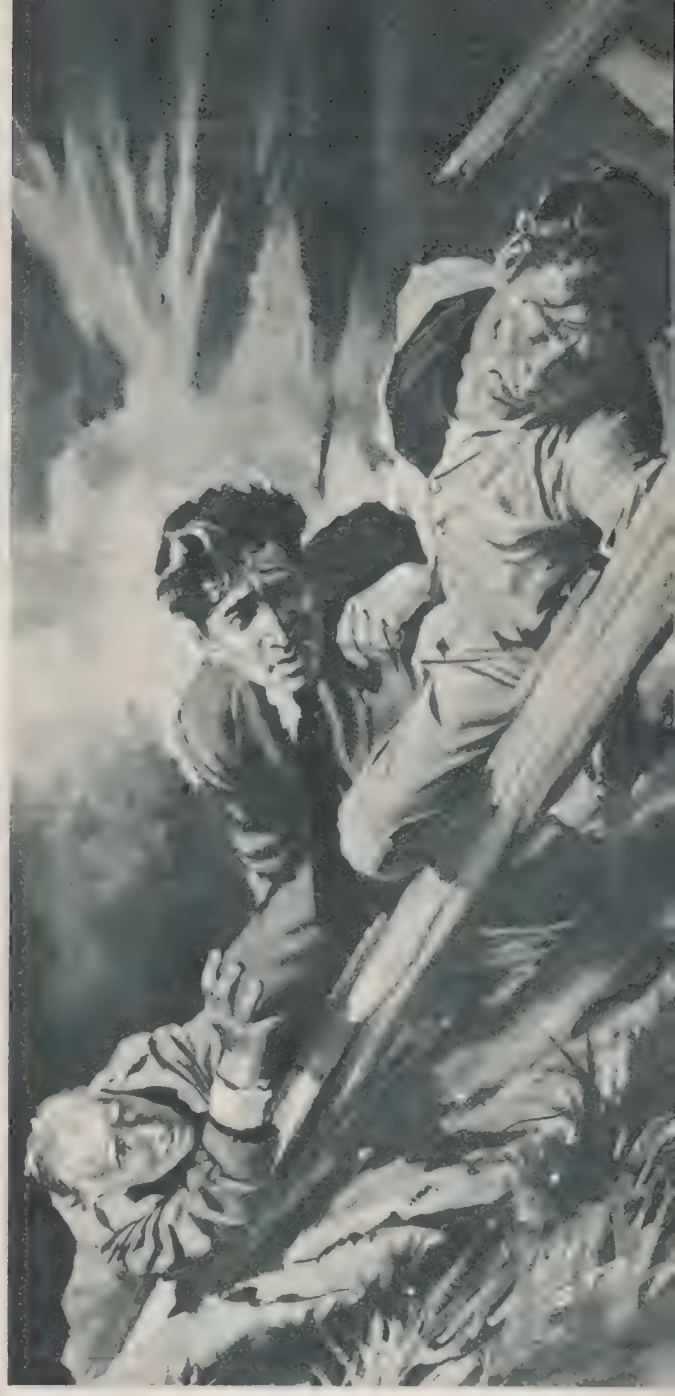
Farther along the barn I could see the dark movement of animals, the occasional green glitter of eyes caught in the dim light of the hurricane lamps. Once a monkey chattered and screeched indignantly and was answered by the raucous, short growl of a lion.

"That's Karimba," said Sophie. "Sarrasin has four new lions and is training them." She looked across at the lorry which had brought us here. "Why have they left Jabal there?"

"He won't be there long," I said. "It's obvious how they mean to take Jabal out. Over the Spanish border. . . . God knows what will happen to him after that."

I slipped my arm round her and she put her head against my shoulder. We sat there and she told me about the early years she had spent on this farm. But all the time she was talking, part of me was away from her. Now and again I could hear Jabal turn over and mutter to himself in the locked lorry.

I looked at my watch. It was three o'clock. Soon now Jabal would be taken off. An early morning trip. A trip from which he would not return. And, after he had left, what would



Slowly, an inch at a time, we heaved the boy up the wreck of the bridge. Beneath us, the gorge dropped away into blackness

happen to us . . . or rather, how would it happen?

Sophie was saying: "Fargette came with me from Barcelona. . . . You know, he's not nearly as old as you would imagine."

I said: "I hate their guts. The whole lot of them."

Her hand tightened on mine. She said: "Fargette is a good clown. . . . It is in his family. And he was good to me, in his way. Sometimes he would tell my fortune. . . . Oh, David, you've no idea of the silly, lovely things he used to say. He used to tell me I would marry an emperor with a row of stables so long that, as you looked down the stall-doors with the horses' heads hanging over them, the head of the last horse would be no bigger than a pea."

I said: "When you marry me, we'll be poor. It'll be one horse from a hackney stable at ten bob an hour." And then I wished I had not spoken. In my voice there was a note of angry despair.

"Oh, David . . . I don't mind. I don't mind. The other's only a fairy story, and you, you're real and. . . ."

I heard her voice falter and, turning, saw her face. Her eyes were moist with sudden tears and her mouth trembled. I knew that her thoughts had caught up with her.

"*Chérie . . . chérie . . .*" I said. I talked to her gently, telling her how much I loved her, trying to comfort her. And maybe I succeeded

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AN ANNOUNCEMENT BY THE EDITOR

JOHN BULL has frequently published the life-stories of famous men who have served their country or a cause. Because of the deep research and the freshness of the writing, these biographies have brought to life, vividly and excitingly, the exploits and achievements, triumphs and failures, of explorers, soldiers, artists, missionaries. They have been an outstanding feature of the magazine. But neither John Bull nor, as far as I know, any other magazine of its kind in this country has yet told, in the same way, the story of the greatest of all men, Jesus of Nazareth.

His achievement is supreme. It has influenced men's minds and history for nearly two thousand years. Yet the period of this achievement was short and intense; his ministry lasted at the most for three years.

The Four Gospels constitute the only record of how he lived and died. These reports do not always agree; chronology is confused, places are often difficult to identify, the background is shadowy. Though the parables, the miracles, the acts of Jesus are familiar to everybody, few could set them in their places in the great adventure of his life.

For this reason, I believe that readers will welcome the brilliant new "Life of Jesus" which John Bull is about to publish. This detailed narrative of his life, told in chronological order and set against the turbulent background of Palestine in those days, is a story of deep religious significance that is also a story of the greatest of all adventures.

It is presented simply and directly; no action has been attributed to Jesus which is not found in the Gospels, and every word is based on original research or established sources.

I have just finished reading the final version of the manuscript, and I am confident that it will be of intense interest and lasting value to every reader. It is without doubt the most important narrative ever published by John Bull.

Jesus's story begins in a world of turmoil and hatred. "The times were disturbed. Herod's long reign was ending in civil strife. For the Jews, he was a usurper."

Into this violent setting, Jesus was born to Mary, the wife of Joseph the carpenter. He grew up in the village of Nazareth. When he was ready for his task, he went into the desert. He set himself to fast for forty days.

"The theatre in which he faced this ordeal is one of the most daunting areas on earth. Nature rejects man utterly. The heat is fiery in the gullies; the shingle burns the feet and hands; there is a smell of sulphur in the air. From the Dead Sea, sandless and dark blue, eternal evaporations rise to dim the mountains with a curdled haze. The region is a clinkered waste of silence, thirst and sun.

"At the height of his torture, when he was starving, Jesus met the Devil, who began to tempt him." He resisted the tempter, and now his ministry began. "His success was instantaneous. Crowds pressed round him. . . . One question towered above all else: was this man the Messiah?"

As his ministry continued, so the dangers grew: the danger from his enemies, orthodox teachers who watched all the time to trap him into flouting the religious law, and the danger from many of his followers, men who mistook his mission and wished to hail him as a political leader who would free Israel from Rome.

He recruited his disciples and carried his new, urgent message throughout Palestine. The people flocked to him in one place, tried to stone him in another. Everywhere his enemies lay in wait. By the spring of the third year, the time had come to turn once again to Jerusalem, the seat of Pontius Pilate and the High Priest.

WHEN Jesus drew near the city, he mounted an ass's colt. This, he knew, was the end of his journey. "He rode in the midst of a considerable crowd. As he advanced, they strewed the road with their clothes, and with olive and palm branches cut from the trees in the fields round about.

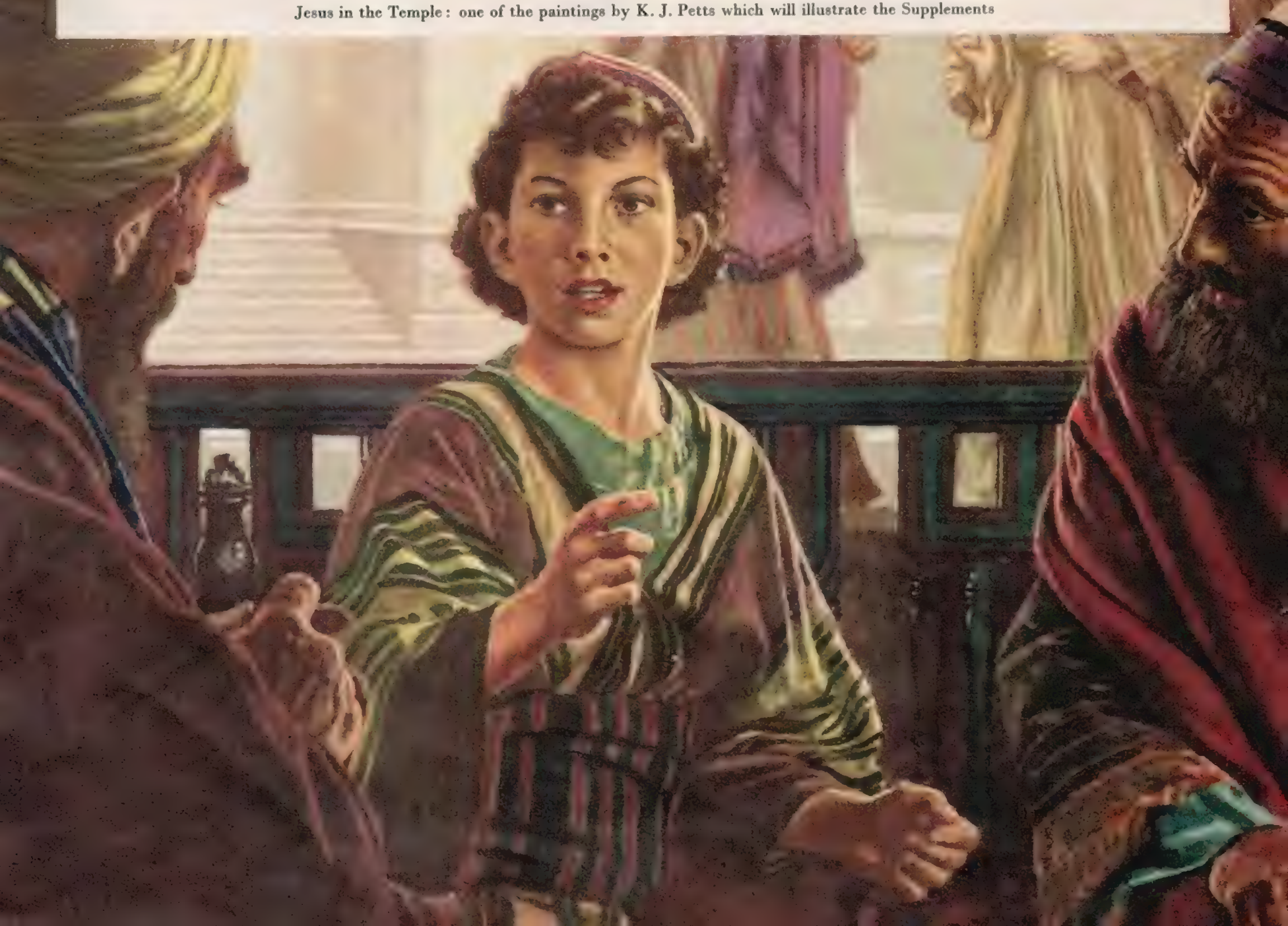
"The road from Bethany, after traversing the flanks of a few false summits, runs out sharply across a small plateau. And there, above, is the city. As it came into sight, stony, white and gold, the people acclaimed Jesus with shouts.

" 'Hosanna!' they shouted. 'Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!' "

Jesus had come to Jerusalem. He had four more days to wait. Four days of suffering leading up to the tragedy on the cross that was his supreme victory.

The story of Jesus will be presented as three special illustrated Supplements, detachable so that they may be kept as a continuous narrative. The first will appear in John Bull next week.

Jesus in the Temple: one of the paintings by K. J. Petts which will illustrate the Supplements



John Guthrie blazes new trails for progress

by NORMAN PHILLIPS

He travels the world as a pioneer in civilization. It may mean moving hills, bulldozing jungles, or groping on the ocean bed

EARLY ONE MORNING in 1948, John Guthrie, a globe-trotting Scots civil engineer, pulled a diving helmet over his sunburned features and slid into the waters of the artificial Gold Coast harbour of Takoradi. A few minutes later, he was probing the silt-covered rock on the harbour bed.

Twenty-seven ships were lying off-shore, with twenty-seven impatient skippers waiting to load or unload cargo. None was aware of Guthrie's underwater explorations—the opening moves in a chain of events which made it possible for the port to handle double its annual tonnage, with less waiting for incoming ships.

Burly, sixteen-stone Guthrie has supervised the spending of £4,500,000, above and below the harbour waters, for his employers, the Taylor Woodrow group of building and civil engineering companies.

When he took command of the Takoradi project, and responsibility for his firm's other Gold Coast interests, his assets included a long list of hard-learned lessons. In Portsmouth, he had spent some time during the war rebuilding parts of the dockyard almost as fast as the Germans wrecked them. In Malaya, he helped to push the East Coast Railway through the jungle. In the United States, he sank the piles on which rests the Atlanta terminus, a series of viaducts carrying roads over the railway tracks. And in India he had stripped away rock to uncover a vast coal seam.

Searched Europe For Gear

"It was plain muck shifting," he says. "If they'd asked me to mine the coal, I wouldn't have known what to do. As it was, the job consisted of baring a seam of coal—one of the thickest in the world—lying under one hundred and eighty feet of rock. All we did was drill, blast and cart it away."

It took him three months to decide how to do the Takoradi job . . . the manpower and material needed, how long it would take, and how much it would cost. He spent one month on the Gold Coast and two months in London, making estimates. Early in 1949, his company's tender was accepted by the Gold Coast Railways and Harbours Administration.

Orders were placed in Britain for steel, cement and building materials. While these were being met, Guthrie began to assemble equipment. A crane worth £15,000 had to be made for the job. Lorries, bulldozers and barges helped to push the bill for plant alone to £350,000.

"Plant is always difficult to get," Guthrie says, "and 1949 wasn't the best of years for finding what you wanted. For weeks, I made almost daily trips to the Continent, looking for equipment that would be needed at Takoradi."

Tug Broke Tow In Channel

In Antwerp, he bought four barges, used as oil carriers during the war, had them sailed to England, dismantled, shipped to the Gold Coast and reassembled. He also bought a fifty-four ton tug in Belgium, renamed it the Taywood Tid, and had it towed to Liverpool.

The tug broke its tow in mid-Channel. Recaptured after a six-hour search, it was taken to Dover. Later, a storm forced it to shelter in Barnstaple. But seven days after leaving Ghent, the Taywood Tid was loaded aboard a cargo ship at Liverpool. The tug was disembarked at Dakar and did the last 1,500 miles to Takoradi under its own steam.

The first stage of the Gold Coast work was the construction of new timber decks. This involved building four thousand feet of quay walls that had to rest on the harbour bottom—which

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At Takoradi, on the Gold Coast, Guthrie chats with a native diver. Work on the harbour there cost £4,500,000 and took three months to plan

Felix Harbord's fantasy transforms the home

by JOHN HARMAN

If walls and windows get in his way, he knocks them down. For three hundred guineas he'll plan a scheme with quilted satin round the bedroom—and a ceiling that looks like a tent

Many of Harbord's props for interior decorating are kept in his home in London. "It is my job to create elegant living on a small scale," he says

WHEN A WOMAN recently commissioned Felix Harbord, an interior decorator, to prepare her London house for a party, she did not know that he liked to leave arrangements until the last minute. After watching his contractors, on the morning of the event, completely gut the drawing-room of furniture and fixtures, she panicked at the thought that the room would not be ready in time.

Despite Harbord's blithe assurance that everything was under control, she quarrelled with him and shut herself upstairs. Harbord, his dignity affronted, stayed downstairs.

Eventually the woman called in a third person, a European military officer, to act as a go-between. Saluting and heel-clicking, he took messages from one to the other.

"This continued throughout the day," says one of the contractors. "The woman came out of her hiding place in the evening. On seeing the gilt furniture, the chandeliers and the draped silks which Harbord had installed, she admitted that she need not have worried."

His Clients Must Be Wealthy

Fanciful schemes not only as party settings, but also as permanent decorations, have established Harbord at the top of his profession. A forty-eight year old bachelor, tall and well-groomed, with an air of impeccable serenity which has never been known to desert him, he has evolved an ornate style which he describes as "partly eighteenth century and partly my own invention."

Since his fees range from about three hundred guineas upwards, excluding builders' costs, his circle of clients is restricted to the wealthy. He has decorated castles and large buildings of many kinds—a recent commission was for the Duchess of Kent's apartments in Kensington Palace—but he specializes in town houses.

"Most of my clients," he says, "are people who can no longer afford the upkeep of big country homes. They buy fashionable—and often very cramped—houses in London. My job is to create elegant living on a small scale."

His talent in this direction was tested when doing up the bathroom of a house in Mayfair. Only six feet by five feet, it had the drawback of a ceiling which sloped almost to the floor.

Harbord removed the existing fixtures—a dilapidated green bath and washbasin—and installed a new suite modelled in pink. "I got round the problem of the sloping ceiling by painting it with pink and white stripes, like the

Harbord (left) with his sister Auriol Palmer, in the house he decorated for her. He once did a scheme for a titled client who took one look and left the room murmuring: "It can't be true"

"If Harbord had his way, he'd order curtain materials at £9 a yard," says Frank Hill (left)

roof of a tent. A scalloped fringe at the lower edge helped to complete the illusion."

Novel ideas which he has introduced in other houses include the blowing of powder on to wet paint, producing a surface which feels like velvet; wooden panels specially waxed to give the appearance of age; and fluorescent lights concealed in pelmets, so that at night when the curtains are drawn there is the effect of sunlight streaming through them.

Harbord submits schemes to clients by means of paper models. He finds that tact is needed at preliminary discussions. "Women, especially, like to feel they are getting something more exciting than their social rivals. Also, they like to believe that the ideas are their own."

At times, he agrees to meet individual preferences, but usually, having first secured a free hand with the work, he does not hesitate to enforce his original plans. When a woman said that she disliked sculpture and resisted his attempts to bring some statues into her house, Harbord took advantage of her absence one day to install them. "I cannot be a yes-man," he explained to her. "If I thought that the customer was always right, I would cease to be an artist."

Roll Of Wallpaper Cost £10

Among his more exotic creations is a bedroom designed for his sister, Auriol Palmer. Faced with the difficulty of giving warmth and character to a room which is long and narrow, he reduced its size by partitioning one corner to form a bathroom.

At the bathroom end, he has lined the walls with pleated peach satin. The walls of the remaining half of the room, where there is a bed, are lined with satin of dark green.

His sister admits that several weeks elapsed before she grew to like the design. Not everyone, though, chooses to persevere in this way. A peer of the realm, on seeing a bed which Harbord had draped with a canopy of blue satin, said: "No, it can't be true"—and walked out of the room.

Although Harbord once decorated a room with wallpaper costing £10 a roll, some clients have decided that his enthusiasm for using the best of everything needs firm restraint. "If he had his own way, he would order curtains of French damask at £9 a yard," says Frank Hill, who supplies many of his fabrics. "In a house with windows twelve feet high, four pairs of curtains would need about sixty yards. Few people are willing to pay £540 just for curtains."

Harbord has shown an equal disregard for financial matters when making structural changes to houses. A perfectionist who is upset on entering a room of his design to see a chair out of place, he has ordered walls to be knocked down and doors and windows to be moved if they did not exactly suit the schemes which he had in mind.

Harbord, the son of a brigadier-general, distinguished himself at boarding school by ignoring classwork and concentrating on sketches and clay models of masters. He went to the Slade School of Art in London, and later, on his father's advice that art was not a secure profession, he took a course in architecture. He worked in an architect's office for a while, but its muted atmosphere curbed his natural buoyancy—"They were horrified when I started to whistle"—and he went to New York as a portrait painter.

His first commission was from a high-ranking army officer. "My studio was poorly furnished," Harbord recalls. "When he arrived in full uniform, I didn't have a chair to offer him, so I sat him on top of a dustbin.

"Half-way through the sitting, I heard a terrible clatter. The lid had collapsed, and I had to haul him out."

Returning to Britain in 1929, he worked as a designer in a tapestry factory, and then looked after a private art collection. He learned how to examine, clean and restore oil paintings. Today, this knowledge enables him to advise clients on the value of their pictures.

A group of patrons invited him to design their homes, but his early career in "architectural decoration," as he calls it, was cut short by the war.

He toured the Middle East as a camouflage officer, leaving a trail of richly decorated billets behind him, and helped to build a decoy army which deceived Rommel's reconnaissance aircraft in the desert campaign.

His most harassing commission occurred last February. Count Matarazzo, a Brazilian multimillionaire, wanted a spectacular function at São Paulo to celebrate the opening of a university which he had endowed. He specified, at three weeks' notice, that there were to be five thousand guests, a meal and a theatrical performance.

Bulldozers Cleared The Site

Harbord promptly submitted his idea for the event—a reproduction of the Château de Marly in France—and flew to Brazil.

He found that the site chosen for the festivities was a desolate spot on the outskirts of São Paulo. Bulldozers levelled it, and eight hundred builders worked day and night. "The project seemed impossible from the start," says one of the contractors. "We had only eleven working days. Also, Harbord elaborated his plans to include ornamental fountains."

The château, in the form of a central building fifty feet high, surrounded by ten pavilions containing buffets, was made of hessian mounted on wooden frames and painted to resemble stone. The view of the local countryside was shut out by a high hedge—improvised by thrusting foliage into canvas stretched on steel supports, and clipping it as if it were growing.

Lorries fetched trees, plants and flowers from a nearby jungle. Harbord, meanwhile, designed costumes and scenery for a ballet which was to take place in a temporary theatre.

Completed with barely an hour to spare, the château looked durable enough when lit with artificial moonlight. However, it proved to be Harbord's shortest-lived creation. "The departure of the last guest was followed by a rainstorm," he says. "The next morning the site was a ruin." THE END

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

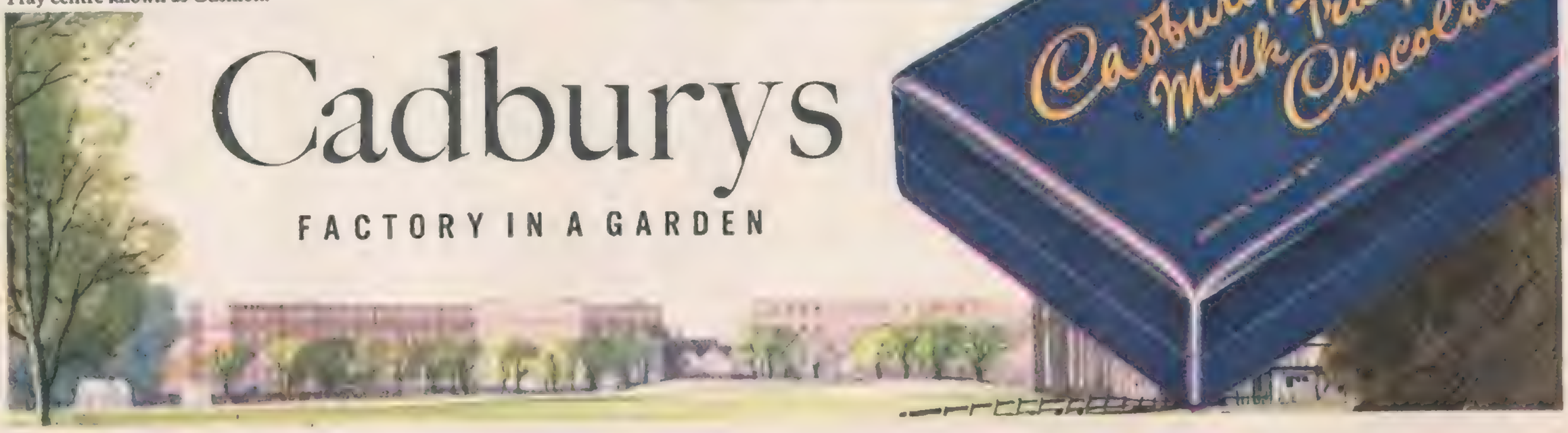
GOOD THINGS FROM THE FACTORY IN A GARDEN

Two million 'squiggles' a day on Cadburys Milk Tray

It looks rather difficult, but practice makes it easy to put the right 'squiggles' on the right chocolates in Cadburys Milk Tray assortment. Because of the different kinds of 'squiggles' needed, this is one of the processes where machines have to give way to human skill at Cadbury's famous Factory in a Garden. And relaxation is close at hand at the end of the day — a book on the terrace, a dip in the swimming pool or a stroll through the gardens.

SUGAR THAT LOOKS LIKE SILK. A set of revolving steel arms pulls and spins a rope of sugar to the right consistency for the popular Milk Tray centre known as Cushion.

PACKING THEM IN. When the chocolates are packed into their well-known purple boxes they are ready to answer that constant call '*I want Cadburys*'.



Cadburys

FACTORY IN A GARDEN

FRANK MUIR and DENIS NORDEN introduce John Bull's star-spangled

Christmas Party Guide

They couldn't wait for Christmas. Muir and Norden, craziest script-writing team in radio and TV, join their wives for a party preview

DON'T HAVE ANY illusions about this business of giving a Family Party. After all, look what you're faced with. Fundamentally, all relatives can be divided into two groups—Her Lot and Your Lot. Or, to carry it a stage farther, Oil and Water.

This unbridgeable gulf is apparent right from the very beginning when you start making out a list of People To Invite. It is then that you find that in a family there is no such person as The Single Inevitable Individual. The whole family is as interconnected as a plateful of spaghetti. Thus, if you want to ask Cousin Susan, then Cousin Janet will be offended unless she's asked as well and nobody asks Cousin Janet without Uncle George and Aunt Beryl and that means Uncle Desmond because he's staying with them and—well, you'll find your first list numbers a hundred and forty.

So you go through the list again. She hands you a blue pencil and says: "We'll have to be ruthless." You are ruthless. You bring the list back having cut it with the most diplomatic impartiality. She now points out that there is not one of Her Lot left in.

Eventually, after bartering an Aunt here for an Uncle there, your list is completed.

Now you come to the question of food and drink. Fortunately, catering for relatives is simple. There is only one thing you need give them. The Best of everything and too much of it. When we say the Best, we don't mean the Very Best because they'll only talk about your ostentation. Nor do we mean the Very Good because then they will talk about your stinginess. Just the plain, simple Best —that's all they expect.

In fact, we have an Aunt Martha who carries this to extremes—particularly with smoked-salmon sandwiches. She can spot a smoked-salmon sandwich at twenty paces across a crowded room.

Now, once your guests start arriving it is essential to keep them on the move. After they've laid their hats and coats on the spare bed, refused a wash, cast a critical eye on the spare-room curtains, then for heaven's sake keep them mobile. You must prevent those small, seated groups which stop talking whenever you approach.

The situation calls for Jolly Games, Party Pieces and Sing-Songs—any single one of which is fraught with family crises.

Nobody has yet discovered a foolproof Jolly Game from which all one's relatives can emerge unscathed. Last year we had chosen that one where you pass a matchbox from nose to nose, but were daunted by one side of the family's remarks about the other side's having a bigger natural advantage.

Eventually, of course, we settled for "What's My Line." The contestants thought up *imaginary* jobs because in our Family everyone knows what everyone else works at, how much they get and what they spend it on. It might still have worked out had not Uncle Norman decided to be the Gilbert Harding of the panel. He was so successful that he's now cut out of Granny's will and Aunt Brenda's gone back to Mother.

Party Pieces need also to be watched over with the eye of a hawk. Children's recitations should be kept firmly down to thirty minutes including prompting, and not more than three children should be allowed to do "Up the something river, down the rushy glen."

But all these are sufferable provided you can muzzle Aunt Martha. Long ago she sang at a charity concert and a nephew of Kipling's said she had a naturally untrained voice. On the strength of this she has sung at every Family Party ever since. Her repertoire starts with a ballad called "I Have But One Song." This is not only unsuitable but a downright lie. She has fourteen.

On the other hand, the chief hazard in party sing-songs are Uncles. It's all right with "When You Were A Tulip" or "Oh You Beautiful Doll"—but any ex-Service Uncles should be headed off "Bless 'Em All."

Our own personal recommendation is "Old Macdonald Had A Farm" with Your Lot doing the melody and Her Lot making the animal noises. A couple of choruses of this and you'll find you're having a lot of fun.

But then, when you think about it afterwards, as you empty ashtrays and scrape jelly from the carpet, these family "do's," in spite of their problems, always *are* fun!

Frank Muir

Denis Norden

Games and quizzes

BOOK RELAY

WHEN the **LYONS** decided to test their skill at a party game called "Book Relay," Bebe forecast that the prize would go to daughter Barbara, who studied deportment. Players are in teams, and each must stand up and walk round a row of chairs with a book on his head. For each one dropped, another is added as penalty.

Ben Lyon watched son Richard start the game with one book on his head. It slipped off before he was on his feet, and as a penalty Richard had to start again with two books.

Then it was Ben and Bebe's turn. Bebe Daniels was intent on balancing three books as she walked when she noticed Ben had forged ahead round the course carrying only a thin magazine which rested neatly on top of his bald patch.

Balancing games provide one of Ben Lyon's favourite party practical jokes. Once he asked a cocksure party guest who had boasted about his reflexes to hold out his left hand, on which Ben Lyon balanced a full glass of water. "Amazing. Your reflexes are excellent. Let's go a stage farther," said Ben. He balanced a second glass of water on the guest's right hand—then left him.

BURSTING THE BAG

YOU need a strong pair of lungs for the **SLATERS'** family party game, "Bursting the Bag." According to John Slater's young son, Simon, boys must be quick to beat a team led by John Slater himself.

John's team consisted of Simon's friend, Roger Shaw, and his sister, Sandra Shaw, aged four. On the other side were Simon, six, Elizabeth Bliss, eleven, and John Slater's wife, Betty. Simon was determined to prove he could run faster than his father, John Slater, round the chairs of his team and be first back in his place to blow up and burst his paper bag.

John Slater tripped, but he did a neat roll over and was back in his seat while Simon was still negotiating the course. John Slater's team won—beating Simon and the girls. The bags had all been blown up and burst ahead of the rival team. John decided that his allies, Roger and Sandra Shaw, deserved a prize for their help—a balloon each.

MUSICAL HATS

AT his Richmond home, **BRIAN REECE** has a collection of unusual hats—among them the topper he wore at his wedding, a soldier's hat given him by one of the troops he entertained in the Middle East, a sailor's cap, a straw bonnet, a felt wet-weather hat. When the Reece family play a party game with Michael Reece, seven, and Christopher, three, they naturally choose "Musical Hats."

One of their friends puts a lively march on the portable gramophone and everyone sits in a circle, passing the hat from their own head to the head of the neighbour on their right. When the music stops, the player without a hat drops out, and one hat is subtracted. The last player left is the winner.

Brian has one tip about "Musical Hats." It is better to avoid hats with chin straps. Michael was so eager to pass on the soldier's hat when the music started that the strap caught under his chin and held up proceedings.

NOAH'S ARK

ORGANIZING "Noah's Ark" at a party, **RONALD CHESNEY** announced that he was Mr. Noah. Archie Andrews, Peter Brough and the girls at the party had been given cards on which the names of animals were written. All Archie had to do was to make the noise of the animal on his card when Noah gave the signal, and try to find his partner.

But to Archie's chagrin he had drawn a card marked "Moose" while Brough's was "Sea Lion."

"Wait a minute, Brough. I can't make a noise like a moose," Archie interrupted. Hardly anyone heard him. The others were all braying like donkeys or roaring like sea lions.

"Perhaps if I just try to look like a moose that will do," Archie decided. Betty, Archie's opposite number, had the same difficulty. They were the last couple left when the others had found their partners.

As forfeit for being last to finish, Archie and his partner had to draw a card from the Forfeit Master. Archie's forfeit read: "Leave the room with two legs and come back with six." Archie found it easy. "All I need is to come back into the room carrying a chair."

WHO AM I?

SEEKING a family party game to amuse her two children, Christopher and Louise, and four small guests, **JEANNE HEAL** decided on "Who Am I?" a game where players guess the words on a card pinned on their backs.

Jeanne told her guests that they could ask each other twenty questions about the name on their own card, but answers must be simply Yes or No.

Jeanne Heal usually gives the children twenty minutes to play. When a name is guessed, the player gets a new card. The winner is the one who has guessed correctly the greatest number of objects. While they are playing grown-up guests have the chance for a well-earned drink and a chat.

Christopher and Louise — though Jeanne disapproves—have a favourite party game: a Bun Race. It is played in the study with buns tied on a string between two chairs. When Jeanne came in recently she found Louise on hands and knees, eating a bun which had fallen on to the floor.

"It's unhygienic, but they can't use their hands in a bun race," she says. "I let them play it, and it usually ruins the carpet."

RAILWAY CARRIAGES

WHENEVER **ERIC BARKER** wants a party game to test the alertness of his guests and his daughter Petronella, aged twelve, he is likely to pick "Railway Carriages." He collects a number of newspapers of the same size and different dates and rearranges the pages so that some are upside down and each paper contains pages from the others.

Eric seats his guests side by side with elbows touching, then explains that each has to rearrange his or her sheets into correct order according to the date on the front page. Pearl Hackney suffers from a fatal desire to read odd paragraphs that catch her eye. "I've found myself reading a story when all the other players have finished sorting their copies," she says.

The Barkers, whose country cottage is in a deserted part of Kent, like all word and paper and pencil games. As a lively change they start a table tennis rally among guests after a set of brain-puzzler games.

WHAT IS IT?

(a) A grappling iron

(b) An eel spear

(c) A toasting fork head

(d) A hay rake

When was it used? In the 10th, 13th, 18th or 20th century.

1

(a) A razor case

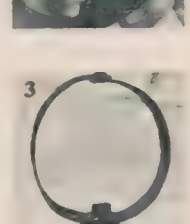
(b) A match box

(c) A spectacle case

(d) A cigar case

When was it used? In the 12th, 14th, 17th or 19th century.

2



(a) An oil lamp holder

(b) A fire dog

(c) A wether bell

(d) A convict's collar

When was it used? In the 3rd, 12th, 16th or 19th century.

3

FRANK SMITH'S PARTY TRICKS

TV's expert tests your wit and dexterity with seven teasers to provide a quiet moment at your party. The answers will be found on page 7

"Our friends think they know all the answers," say Muir and Norden. "Take Dick Bentley, for example. In half an hour he can tell (a) where the extra bottles are hidden, (b) which girls are unattached, and (c) which book has the quiz solutions"

TAKE IT FROM WHOM?

The "Take It From Here" team turn themselves into a quiz. Can you give each face its rhyme? Answers on page 7

Jimmy Edwards *June Whitfield* *Wallas Eaton* *Alma Cogan* *Charles Maxwell* *Dick Bentley*

A At Cambridge I played in a band,
I chilled 'em to the marrow,
I've got fans throughout the land—
Except perhaps at Harrow.

B My job's not singing with the band,
I have to save my breath.
I leave the songs to A—— and B——,
And concentrate on Eth.

C I used to blow hard in a band,
I played non-stop on the halls,
I blew and blew from morn 'till night,
They heard me at St. Pauls.

D I've never played in any band,
The law was once my life,
I used to play the villain
Before they started *T.I.F.H.*

E You'll hear me singing with a band,
Bold, or sweet, or coy,
All I want to do is sing,
And sing and sing for joy.

F I used to tootle in a band,
I used to blow like thunder,
I blew my friends right off the stage,
Into the pit "down under."

"Animal, Vegetable or Mineral?" *presented by Dr. Glyn Daniel*

4

(a) A pair of pincers
(b) A gun-shot mould
(c) A cigar clipper
(d) A pair of callipers

When was it used? In the 12th, 15th, 18th or 19th century.

5

(a) A Hallowe'en mask
(b) A missing link
(c) Witchdoctor's head-dress
(d) An early gas mask

How old is it? Prehistoric, or 12th, 15th or 20th century.

6

(a) A door hinge
(b) A flute mouthpiece
(c) A dice shaker
(d) A gas copper

When was it used? In the 3rd, 12th, 17th or 19th century.

Answers on page 7.

AND MAY THE BEST MAN WIN!

Eight competitions that need team work, a good memory—or good luck

TELEGRAMS: Guests sit in a circle with a pencil and paper, and each prints a letter on paper, and passes the sheet to his neighbour, who adds a letter beneath it. When everyone has contributed an initial letter to the list a subject is chosen for the telegram which players must compose, beginning each word with an initial. At the end of sixty seconds papers are passed on one place, and read aloud. The funniest telegram wins a prize.

DRAWING BY EAR: Guests sit in pairs, back to back. One of the pair has a pencil and paper, and the other is given a common household object, not too difficult to draw. From the verbal description of his partner the artist must draw the object he has not seen. When the drawings are finished the artists sign them and exhibit them beside the objects described. Prizes can be awarded by popular vote.

FAMOUS FACES: Before the party make a collection of twenty-one pictures from newspapers and magazines of people in the news and give each picture a number. They can be mounted on sheets of paper and displayed on one wall. Guests have a time limit in which to write down the names against each number. The one with the largest correct list is the winner.

DODGE THE SIXPENCE: The cast of a London musical introduced this game, which soon puts guests in a party mood. Each player lies flat on the floor with a sixpence balanced on his nose. Players can pull as many faces as they like to dislodge the sixpence but must not move their heads or blow it. The best facial contortionists are nearly always the quickest to finish the game.

DOUBLE THE NUMBER: This is a party poser with a trick answer. Put five matchsticks on the table, and ask guests to double the number without breaking the matches. Secret is to form the figure 10—using four matches to make the 0.

CIGARETTE TRICK: Make a wager with guests that you can hold a cigarette by the lighted end between thumb and first finger without discomfort. Solution: while discussing wager, inconspicuously press thumb against a cold glass of iced water. Pick up cigarette with the thumb covering the lighted end, and you will be able to hold it for several seconds without any difficulty.

MATCH TRICK: Challenge guests to lift three matches from a table with a fourth match. Solution: Arrange three of the matches in a tripod, light the heads and then blow out the flame. They are then fused in such a way that you can lift them easily with the fourth match.

HAT TRICK: Ask one of the guests to fold a small sheet of paper into three equal sections, writing a name on each, his own in the centre. The paper is then torn along the creases, folded into three slips and dropped in a hat. Now bet the guest that, without looking, you can pick the slip with his name. It's easy: simply feel for the slip with a torn edge on each side.

Here's a brand-new simple-arithmetic puzzle. Can you put a different figure (from 0 to 9) for each letter—always the same figure for the same letter—so that SMITHS and QUICK add up properly to TRICKS? There's only one possible order of the figures.

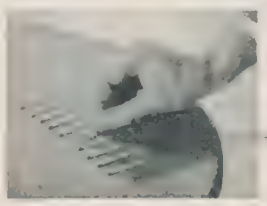
SMITHS
QUICK
TRICKS

For this you need a full box of matches.

1. Hold a match, with the box above it.

2. Toss the box up a short way turning towards you and strike the match on the top side as it comes towards you.

3. The box will spin up away from you and you should catch it in the same hand.



This puzzle *looks* easy, but it isn't, although there are only five moves.

1. Lay out ten matches.

2. Move one match over the next two and lay it on the third. Move another one over the next two and lay it on the third—and so on. You must count two together as if they were two separate ones.

3. Of course, you should finish up with the matches all in pairs. Can you do it? The picture shows you the beginning move.

This trick was shown on TV by Mrs. Cairns, of Widnes, Lancashire.

1. Lay the tray part of the matchbox, full of matches, in front of the case, standing on end. Place your second finger on the table against the tray and, keeping that finger on the table, lift the tray with your first and third fingers until—

2. —you can put the tray on top of the case. *If* you can do that, can you put the tray back on the table, still without moving your finger?

1. Push a large safety pin into a handkerchief, as shown, and fasten it.

2, 3. Turn the pin over three times, thus folding it into the handkerchief, neatly, but not tightly.

4. Fold the back edge of the handkerchief over to the front and turn the pin three more times.

5. Hold the folds just beyond the head of the pin and—pull it straight out! You'll find that it slides out quite easily and yet it is still fastened. How can that be? It works every time.

This has become my TV "trademark" and the noise of it is my signature tune. Can *you* roll a penny—or more than one—around a bowl?

1. Hold the penny against the bowl with your first two fingers against its rim and your thumb on top.

2. Roll the penny forward, and keep it going by *gently* rotating the bowl.

3. You should be able to start at least three pennies going like this, and to keep them going.

Stick a second bottom to the tray of a matchbox (or just jam in a piece of card). The matchbox must be one of the kind that has a label on each side.

1. Empty the box and lay it on the table, just projecting over the edge. You should have the box right way up, that is with the tray inside the proper way up. Show your friends that you can lift up the box with one finger until it stands on its end.

2. Lay the box down again with the tray bottom uppermost (without your friends knowing, of course). Now challenge them to lift the box with one finger as you did. The weight of the tray will carry the box over and it will fall forward.

This'll kill you!

"HERE'S YOUR MAN, Inspector." Dramatically, the suave Dick Bentley, special agent, faces a gathering of the suspects in his flat. He points an accusing finger at the only man wearing, as well as a redskin's head-dress, a consciously innocent expression.

"There, Inspector," he says to Eric Robinson, who has brought his baton to conduct the investigation, "there is your murderer." Breathlessly, we lurk at the back—Norden and Muir.

The Scotland Yard men were baffled until Bentley took over. Bentley, lounging in a chair, his highly polished shoes resting on his highly polished desk, watched with a smile on his highly polished teeth as the patient pedantic police inquiries dragged on.

He listened as Ernest Maxin, the doctor who was already in the house, gave it as his opinion, subject to the post mortem, that the crime had occurred somewhere between nine forty-five and nine forty-five and a half. "I can get no nearer than that," he said with a Harley Street air. "My watch has a tendency to gain."

Then Bill Fraser, the grizzled police surgeon, stopped grizzling and announced that he had deduced the probable cause of death.

"It is obvious from the expression on her face," he told the nervous group, "that the victim died from something fatal. In fact, ladies and gentlemen, Miss Jill Day, the glamorous, mysterious, sultry blonde, was *tickled* to death!"

With a sardonic grin, Bentley eased his lithe, sinewy frame from the chair. "First, Inspector," he said, "let us tick off the suspects. The first two ticks are crouching at the back—Denis Norden and Frank Muir. I'll vouch for their innocence. I would trust them with my life, if I had any.

"As for Charlotte Mitchell, she couldn't have done it, either. Not with those two in her hair.

"I dismiss Brian Tesler, the producer of our programme," Bentley continued. "He's been longing to dismiss me. Also, nobody with a shirt like that would have the wit to commit murder.

"But over by the wall there, Rosemary Miller holds the vital clue." He raised an accusing finger, his muscles knotting with the effort.

"The feather from Peter Sellers's cap!" he cried in a terrible voice—the one he uses for singing. "Peter Sellers is your murderer!"

But Bill Fraser, the police surgeon, had been making a closer examination of Jill's body, which is always worth a closer examination, anyway. "She was tickled, yes," he said. "But the *slap* that *followed* was the cause of collapse." He glared at Bentley. "And we all know whose favourite sport slap-and-tickle is."

The colour drained from Bentley's face, leaving him with bloodshot feet. "You'll never get me alive!" he cried. Quick as a flash, he seized a hunk of Yorkshire pudding and battered down the door.

"But he's the guilty one! Are we going to let him get away with it?" cried Charlotte.

"What can we do?" said Brian Tesler, with a weary despair. "Bentley's been getting away with murder for years."

HOW YOU CAN PLAY MURDER

THIS is a game played mostly in the dark—all over the house. The host gives each guest a playing card which must not be shown to anyone. The holder of the Ace of Spades is marked down as the murderer. His opposite number, holding the Knave of Diamonds, is the detective who brings him to justice.

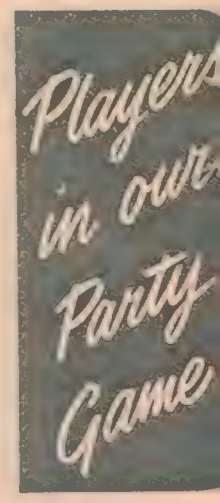
The detective is the only person whose identity is announced to players. The cards are then collected, the lights are turned out, and all the guests except the detective are free to wander about the house as they please.

After a short time, the murderer selects his victim by putting his hands lightly round somebody's neck. To give time for a quick getaway the victim counts twenty slowly, then lets out a bloodcurdling scream.

At this signal that the murder has taken place all the players must stay exactly where they are while the detective inspects the scene of the crime. He turns on the lights, notes the position of all players and the victim, and can then herd everyone back to the room where the game began.

By questions and sifting of evidence he then tries to unmask the murderer.

All the players except the murderer must answer his questions absolutely truthfully. The murderer does his best to implicate others and avoid detection. By eliminating non-suspects and counter-checking statements the detective usually gets his man.



PETER SELLERS, radio and variety star, and one of the Goons, is a versatile mimic. Born in Southsea in 1925, he appeared in a film when he was five. Made his first broadcast in *Showtime* in 1948.

BRIAN TESLER is TV's parlour games specialist. Born in London in 1929. Produced forces' radio shows in Trieste in 1947, and revues, cabarets and plays while at Oxford from 1949. Joined the B.B.C. in 1952.

CHARLOTTE MITCHELL, born in Ipswich in 1926, entered show business at seventeen. Wrote lyrics for Globe Theatre revues in which she appeared. Has acted in radio series, fourteen films, three plays.

ROSEMARY MILLER is now appearing in *And So To Bentley*. Born in New Zealand in 1929, she broadcast at the age of nine. Later acted in Australian radio drama and variety, arrived here this year.

BILL FRASER made his name in *New Faces* before the war. An accomplished business man, runs three summer shows, has appeared in West End revues and films. Born in Perth, Scotland, in 1908.

DICK BENTLEY, TV star of *And So To Bentley*, came to England in 1938 after cabaret and radio work in Australia. Toured Australia during the war, returned here in 1947. Born in Melbourne in 1907.

ERNEST MAXIN, born in London in 1923, began as a music-hall entertainer. Appeared in *The Love Racket* in Australia in 1949. Joined the B.B.C. as TV dance director, then became director, and producer.

JILL DAY, born in Brighton in 1930, understudied in *Piccadilly Hayride* and *Follow The Girls*. Sang in French cabaret and TV, joined Geraldo's band as vocalist and appeared in TV's *Band Parade*.

ERIC ROBINSON—conductor of TV orchestra—was born in Leeds in 1908. Joined B.B.C. after study at Royal College of Music. Directed wartime forces' shows, rejoined B.B.C. Won TV award in 1951.

My favourite party piece

DAVID NIXON

NO conjuring tricks at my parties. I like to give magic a rest when I'm relaxing. However, there is one little stunt I'm saving for our house-warming.

When the guests arrive they will find the sitting-room ceiling covered in balloons. Balloons with no visible means of support.

If anyone wants to know how the balloons defy the power of gravity, I'll explain in my most serious manner that I've put a drawing pin through them before blowing them up and then pinned them to the ceiling.

The real secret is to rub the balloons vigorously up and down your arm just before the guests arrive. Placed against the ceiling they'll stay up for nearly half an hour.

CHIN YU

MY party trick is a thought-reading one — although I signal to the confederate, naturally enough, with my hands.

It's simple. I ask the audience to choose an object when I have left the room and then, when I return, I guarantee to name it from their questions. I then leave and wait to be called.

Someone asks: "Is it the sideboard?" I answer, "No."

Someone else: "Is it the cork in the bottle on the table?" Answer: "No."

I keep count of the questions. When the confederate comes up with his or her question I know the answer is "yes."

How? When I leave the room I linger at the door and hold it open (this is a fine time for giving last-minute instructions) and then, for example, I show four fingers extended along the surface of the door. The confederate will then know that he is to ask question number four. To which the answer is, of course, "Yes." Easy variations can be prearranged. It takes a little practice, but it works.

GILBERT HARDING

HONESTLY, I am and always have been atrociously, even painfully, shy at parties. In the days when nobody knew or cared who I was, I felt awkward and jealous of the attention paid to other people.

It is not surprising that I am very seldom asked to parties.

But if I have to go I am compelled to do something amusing, and so I have two tricks. One of them I propose to keep a secret, but here is the other:

Find the life and soul of the party, the very boisterous chap, the well-known card, the man who likes to make the party go. Show him your hand with three coins in it and ask him how many there are. He will say three. After a bit of business show him the same three coins and say there are now four.

Insist that he has the courage of his convictions and continue to say there are three. Then ask him to give you a penny if you are wrong. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he will say yes and your crushing answer is: "All right, give me the penny, I'm wrong!"

JOAN TURNER

HOSTS seem to take it for granted that I will sing a serious song, but the thought of keeping a straight face at a party terrifies me. Instead, I do a trick which I learned from a Chinese conjurer.

I balance a tumbler, half-filled with water, on my head. A cigarette and a box of matches are put on the floor.

Very carefully I bend down until I am lying flat on the floor with my chin on the carpet. Then I pick up the cigarette between my teeth, strike a match in the normal way with my hands, light the cigarette and stand up. More often than not, the glass is still safe.

If possible, I persuade the other guests to try it also. Those who are wary of accidents insist, like I do, on having warm water in the glass.

RICHARD ATTENBOROUGH AND SHEILA SIM

THIS is a string trick that always seems to come off. You take two equal lengths of string about two feet long and tie the ends of one length to the wrists of your "subject."

Next, tie one end of the other piece to your own wrist, loop the free end over the piece of string held by the subject, and then tie the remaining end to your other wrist.

Now, the trick is to separate the two pieces of string so that both you and the subject are absolutely free—without untying the knots, of course. The solution is to pull the loop of your subject's string towards your left wrist, threading it underneath the noose on your wrist and drawing the loop over the top of your left hand. The string then comes away and you are both free.

EVELYN LAYE AND FRANK LAWTON

FRANK and I usually do this bit of magic at parties (though it is strictly a one-man or one-woman show) and it always goes down well. It is surprising how long it takes before people catch on.

Ask your audience to write down any three numbers—provided that they are not all the same and the last one is not a nought.

Next ask them to write the same figures in their reverse order. When they have done so they will have two three-figure numbers and their next task is to write the smaller under the larger and subtract. Now comes the magic.

Ask your first victim whether his or her particular answer has two or three figures. If there are two numbers then the answer is always 99. I don't know why.

If the answer is "Three numbers" then ask the victim to tell you the first one. The middle one will always be nine and the first and last numbers will also add up to nine.

An example:

The number thought of is ...	321		
Reverse	123		
Subtract	198		

Ask the victim to reveal the first number. The answer is one. We know that the middle figure will also be nine.

We also know that the first and last figure also add up to nine. The answer is, therefore, 198.

Here are some more just to prove it:

453	943	887	622
354	349	788	226
99	594	99	396

HUMPHREY LESTOCQ

THINKING back to my R.A.F. days, I suggest a game called "High Cockolorum." In this game, one person crouches on all fours, sticks his head between another man's legs, and a third man takes a flying jump on to his back. We used to play it in the officers' mess, and if the first man collapsed he had to buy drinks all round.

At house parties the penalty can be some forfeit—such as singing or dressing up. But the game is not for the inexperienced. Once we were showing another how to play the game and forgot that the floor had been newly polished. He missed his footing, slid along the floor and crashed into the wall.

Another favourite game of mine is "Boat Races." It's really a tug-of-war. Two men grab a broom handle while others line up, their arms around each other's waist, and try to pull it loose. It's lots of fun—so long as the handle doesn't snap.

TESSIE O'SHEA

WHEN I come to my little piece all I need is a £1 note and an empty bottle minus the cork.

I place the note flat on a table, balance the bottle neck downwards on top of it, and bet anyone who wants to that I can remove the note without touching the bottle.

How? It's easy if you do it with care. Roll up the note carefully from one end, being careful all the time not to touch the bottle.

Bit by bit the rolled part of the note shoves the bottle on to the table and you can pick up the note.

TOMMY TRINDER

ALL the props I need for my trick are a vacuum cleaner with brush detached and nozzle open, and an ordinary balloon.

I then challenge anyone present to pick up the balloon with the end of the nozzle. The strange thing is that the balloon, when approached by the nozzle in your hand, darts away with a loud noise and refuses to be controlled.

The obvious thing is to get it into a corner, but that is easier said than done. It takes a little practice.

The beauty of this game, especially if the party is settling down to dullness, is that everybody wants to try over and over again and nobody from nine to ninety is willing to give in and admit that he is beaten.

But be sure to put in some rehearsing beforehand.

Peter Dimmock's SPORTS QUIZ

These are the sort of things you may see during outside broadcasts of sporting events. Can you give an explanation in each case? The answers are on page 7.

1. During an Association Football match, the referee awards a free-kick against a player who is yards away from the nearest opponent.
2. A professional boxer rises before the count of ten, but the referee waves his opponent away and stops the fight.
3. After a player has apparently successfully "killed" a shot at the net, the tennis umpire awards the point to the opponent.
4. Suddenly, a competitor in a walking race leaves the track after being spoken to by an official at the trackside.
5. A horse passes the winning post two or three lengths ahead of its nearest rival, but is subsequently disqualified.
6. Sometimes all four riders in a speedway race, and at other times only three, come to the starting line for the re-run after a race has been stopped because of a crash.
7. Although two or more swimmers record the same time in a race, a dead-heat is not awarded.
8. A batsman hits up an obvious catch, yet he and his partner go for a run. Is it because they hope the fieldsman will drop the catch?
9. In an evenly fought amateur boxing match, the referee seems to invite criticism by giving the decision to one or other contestant, not a draw.
10. The ball has apparently been cleanly heeled from a rugby scrum, but the referee stops the play.

CHRISTMAS QUIZ

1. If you visited Bethlehem today, in what country would you be?
2. And if you visited Nazareth, where would you be?
3. What was the date of the year following 1 B.C.?
4. What does "Adeste fideles" mean?
5. What nationality was the composer of "Silent Night"?
6. Boiled beef or mutton in broth, with brown bread, raisins, spice, cloves, mace and ginger. What is it?
7. Who popularized the Christmas tree in England?
8. When were Christmas cards first used in Britain?
9. Does a Dutch youngster hang up his stocking on Christmas Eve?
10. How many ghosts of Christmas did Ebenezer Scrooge see?
11. How far back do these customs go? Mistletoe, holly decorations, yule logs, giving of presents at Christmas.
12. What is Santa Claus's real name?
13. How many reindeer does Santa Claus have?
14. What is a kissing bough?

The answers are on page 7.

"Our party piece?" ask Muir and Norden. "Well, our favourite is the one where we get in a quiet corner with two glasses and make the contents disappear"

Brian Tesler's PANEL GAMES

ALTHOUGH the panel games you watch on television aren't often played at parties, there's no reason why you shouldn't try one or two of them. The main difference is that the ordinary parlour game needs little preparation. You will have to work a little harder with TV panel games.

Remember that in a panel game only a chairman and four or five panelists take part, and be careful to choose chairman and panelists carefully.

You will need props—and people to manipulate them. See that everyone knows his job, whether it is smacking a gong, pressing a buzzer, handling scoreboards or keeping the crayons handy.

And here are three of the new TV panel games that you may like to try.

FIND THE LINK. The challengers come in pairs, but are connected by one vital link—something in common. They might both be mothers of quads, or conquerors of Everest, or climbers of Nelson's column.

It's unlikely that you will have two Everest climbers at your party, but the challengers, for one glorious night, can make believe they are and give everyone quite a lot of fun.

ONE OF THE FAMILY. All the challengers here are related to celebrities, alive or dead, and in any field of achievement. Here again you've got to "fake" your celebrities, although if it is a big party there may be someone related to a celebrity—even if he or she is only a second cousin once removed.

IT'S A MYSTERY. Everybody loves to play the detective, and this is almost the panel game version of Murder on pages 4 and 5. You watch a handful of crime sketches, acted complete with clues and red herrings. The chairman (as detective) then competes with the panel in deducing "whodunit" and how the criminal gave himself away.

Here, of course, a great deal of preparation is needed. You should have sketches ready and well rehearsed, preferably before the night of the party.

PETER WEST

GETTING a tumbler half full of water, I cover it with a plate and balance an egg on the plate. The idea is to get the egg into the water without touching it by hand. Impossible? Not a bit. Smack the plate with the palm of your hand and it will slide out so quickly that the egg falls straight into the water. Sometimes!

Once, doing this trick at a party I threw for Humphrey Lestocq, Brian Johnston, Peter Haigh and other TV types, I put half a dozen eggs on our best carpet in quick succession, and I still haven't forgotten what my wife said.

Then there was the time at a dinner at the Scarborough Cricket Festival this year when I smacked the plate so hard that the egg flew off in the direction of Bill Edrich, who made one of the best catches of his career, much to the relief of the hotel manager, who was watching.

ELIZABETH ALLAN

PASSING an already shuffled pack of cards behind my back, I call out the name of a card and then, bringing the pack to the front, show the audience that the card I have just named is facing them. I repeat this as often as anyone wishes.

And here is how I do it. When the shuffled pack is returned to me, I cut the cards and steal a look at the bottom one which is, say, the King of Clubs.

Then, as I hide the pack behind my back, I slide the King of Clubs to the top, face upwards and, bringing the pack to the front, proclaim "The King of Clubs" to the audience, who do not realize that all the cards underneath it are facing me, the next bottom one being, say, the seven of diamonds.

Now, placing the cards behind me a second time, I transfer the seven of diamonds to the top and, displaying the pack in front of me again, announce "Seven of Diamonds!"

ROBERT MACDERMOT

I HAVE been mystified so often on *Tall Story Club* by Barbara Mullen and the others that in my particular speciality I go all out for the practical and, at the same time, try to win a bet.

Can you set fire to a piece of sugar? Very few people know how.

The answer? Dip the corner of a cube of sugar in some cigarette ash. Apply a match. It will light immediately.

DICKY LEEMAN

MY particular bit of line-shooting at parties consists of daring anyone to balance a glass on the edge of a plate. Like most tricks it's easy when you know how. . . .

All you have to do is to grip the plate with the fingers in front and with the thumb extended upward behind them.

Then with your free hand set the glass on the plate edge and gently raise the thumb a little so that it acts as a support for the glass.

But won't they see the thumb? The answer is usually no.

HOW MANY DID YOU GET? ANSWERS TO THE TRICKS, PUZZLES AND QUIZZES ON PAGES 2, 3 AND 6

What Is It? (*pages 2 and 3*)

1—An eel spear in use in the eighteenth century and recently found in the mud of the Thames at Blackfriars. 2—An early brimstone matchbox made of leather. It was used during the early part of the nineteenth century. 3—A wether bell worn by the leader of a flock of hill sheep in the Fell district about a hundred years ago. 4—A gun-shot mould used in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth century. This one was found in Cumberland. 5—This may be a missing link. One of three prehistoric skulls found in South Africa, it is part of the evidence which shows that man may have descended from apes. 6—Part of a bone door-hinge used over sixteen hundred years ago. It was one of the smaller finds in the Temple of Mithras recently uncovered in London.

Take It From Whom? (*page 3*)

A *Wallas Eaton.* Was a student in Cambridge at the same time as Edwards and is also an M.A. His catchphrases are nationally popular with schoolboys — except perhaps at Harrow, which disdains anything that sounds like his surname.

B *June Whitfield, T.I.F.H.'s* character-sketch girl. She sings well but leaves all that to Alma and Bentley while she plays "Eth" (for Ethel), Bentley's girl friend.

C *Professor Jimmy Edwards,* a performer on most brass instruments, including the euphonium with which he first made his name in non-stop variety at the Windmill Theatre. Is a Cambridge M.A. He was once a choirboy at St. Paul's Cathedral and on his own confession "made a horrible noise."

D Producer *Charles Maxwell.* He started life as a lawyer and left that profession to play the villain in repertory theatres before becoming the boss of *T.I.F.H.*

E *Alma Cogan. T.I.F.H.'s* songstress. Can sing any kind of song, sweet or hot. She took Joy Nichols's place when Joy left for Australia.

F *Dick Bentley.* Before coming to London and stardom in *Take It From Here* he was the mighty blower of a clarinet in a stage band "down under" in Australia.

Smith's Tricks (*page 3*)

Substitution.

4 7 6 5 8 4
S M I T H S

3 9 6 2 0
Q U I C K

5 1 6 2 0 4
T R I C K S

You'll find that this is the *only* answer, except that, of course, the 7 and 3 can be transposed, but that doesn't alter the total. The way to get at it is first to find that K must be 0 and that U must be 9. If you then put in various values of T it soon works out.

Ten matches. Number the matches from the left. Move number 5 and place it across number 2. Secondly, move number 7 and place it across number 10. Thirdly, move number 3 (just on the right of a pair) and place it on number 6. The last two moves are obvious; each is just a matter of moving a match over an adjacent crossed pair.

Sports Quiz (*page 6*)

1—Usually, a player has called "Leave it!" in order to mislead an opponent into relinquishing the ball. 2—The referee considers that the man who has just beaten the count is in no position to defend himself. 3—This decision is usually given because the player's racket has passed over the net. 4—Often, this is because in the opinion of the judges the competitor is no longer walking, but running. 5—An objection has been lodged by the Stewards or the owner of another horse. Most common grounds for objection are crossing—a horse must be at least a length and a half in front when it crosses the path of another—or bumping and boring. These offences frequently occur long before the winning post. 6—This depends entirely on whether the Steward in charge of the meeting considers that the cause of the crash was directly attributable to one rider. 7—Judges and timekeepers at swimming events are distinct officials and although it is often possible to decide the swimmers' positions with the naked eye at the finish the distance is so minute that it is not calculated on the watches. 8—The batsmen can collect a run if they have crossed before the catch is completed. 9—There is no such result as a draw in amateur boxing, and with three judges outside the ring there must be a definite verdict. The referee does not judge the bout as in professional boxing. He is there merely to control the fight and to see that the rules are observed. 10—Usually, this is because there has been some irregularity in the scrum itself, spotted by the referee, but hidden from spectators' eyes.

Christmas Quiz (*page 6*)

1. You would be in the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan.
2. You would be in the republic of Israel.
3. A.D. 1.
4. "Be present, ye faithful."
5. The music was composed by a teacher, Franz Grueber, and the original German words by a priest, Joseph Mohr. They were both Austrian.
6. This used to be known as plum porridge—the original Christmas pudding, the earliest reference to which appears to be in 1711.
7. Albert of Saxe-Coburg, Queen Victoria's Prince Consort.
8. In the 1860s.
9. No. He puts out his wooden shoes.
10. Three: Past, Present, and Yet to Come.
11. Mistletoe was a symbol in the sun worship of the Druids. Holly decorations date from the Roman Saturnalia festival; the temples were bedecked with evergreen boughs. The word Yule comes from the Norse "jol"—the feast of the winter solstice—celebrated by sun worshippers. The giving of presents also dates from the Roman Saturnalia, when all were equal.
12. Saint Nicholas of Myra. His precursor was the god Woden, who played a similar rôle to Father Christmas.
13. Eight: Dasher, Dancer, Prancer, Vixen, Comet, Cupid, Donner and Blitzen.
14. The kissing bough preceded the Christmas tree in England and is still used in some country spots. It hung from the ceiling in a luminous crown or globe. Made of evergreens marked with a ring of candles above and a ring of bright red apples below, it had a bunch of mistletoe suspended a little below the centre. It used to carry the gay and glittering decorations which now decorate the Christmas tree.

Recipes for success

MIX THE DRINKS? I DON'T MIND IF I DO!

says Jack Train

AS our old friend Colonel Chinstrap knows, this business of party libations is a very serious one indeed. Nothing goes down better than a well-made punch or mull, although the Colonel has been heard to say before now that messing about with all that lemon and nutmeg and cherries and things does tend to take precious time from his favourite hobby.

Be that as it may, here are the blueprints for the kind of punch or mull which I, with Chinstrap as my chief taster, serve at my own parties—together with a few tasty punches for the younger ones.

MULLS AND PUNCHES

A first-class, high-priced wine is not necessary for mulling. Rough, coarse wines will do. And the drink must be hot. To keep it so at your party, pour the lot back into bottles as soon as it is made, and then stand them in a bucket of hot water until ready for serving.

SPANISH BOLLAN. (Enough for sixteen people.) One quart of Spanish red wine. Lemon slices. One cup of sugar. Grated nutmeg. Heat wine, sugar and nutmeg to boiling point. Remove the grated nutmeg. Pour into glasses with slice of lemon in each glass. (Remember to place a spoon in the glass before pouring to prevent the glass breaking.)

LANGUEDOC MULL. One bottle of red wine. Quarter of a pound of honey. Grated nutmeg. Sliced lemon. Heat the wine, sugar, nutmeg and sliced lemon in a saucepan to boiling point. Add half a bottle of hot water and serve piping hot.

MADEIRA MIST. (Enough for eight glasses.) One bottle of Madeira. Two tablespoons of brandy. One cup of castor sugar. Four tablespoons of apricot brandy. Two cups of grapefruit. One cup of sliced pineapple. Heat together the Madeira, brandy, sugar and apricot brandy. Then add the grapefruit and sliced pineapple. Serve hot.

COCKTAILS

CHARLIE COLLINS. In a large glass mix: one tablespoon of fresh lemon or lime juice, half tablespoon of sugar. Put in a couple of ice cubes and over them pour one measure of Jamaica rum. Fill up with soda water.

MAMIE TAYLOR. Squeeze the juice of half a lime or lemon into a tall glass. Add two cubes of ice. Pour in one measure of whisky. Fill to the brim with cold ginger ale.

FOR THE YOUNGSTERS

MOCK CHAMPAGNE. Boil for three minutes, then cool: half cup of sugar, half cup of water. Add: half cup of fresh or bottled grape juice, quarter cup of orange juice. Chill these ingredients. Just before serving, add one pint of ginger ale.

FRUIT PUNCH. (This will make about four quarts.) Boil for ten minutes: one cup of sugar, one cup of water. Add two cups of strong hot tea. Cool the mixture, then add: three-quarters cup of crushed pineapple, two cups of strawberry juice or other fruit juice, the juice of five lemons, the juice of five oranges. Chill these ingredients for at least one hour. Add sufficient water to one gallon of liquid. Immediately before serving, add: one cup of maraschino cherries, one quart of soda water.

EASILY PREPARED FOOD *by Marguerite Patten*

THERE are few of us who do not enjoy entertaining friends to a special meal or informal party. As television and radio evenings are so popular, I have planned the food to be easy to serve, but many of the dishes are just as suitable for a more formal meal.

If the evening is warm, start with grapefruit, but mix the pulp from the halved fruit with stoned grapes, chopped pineapple or cocktail cherries; or with chopped preserved ginger and some of the syrup.

If it is cold then serve soup in individual cups. Most soups take on a new flavour if a little sherry is added. I like onion soup with grated cheese on top, put under the grill to brown; tomato and celery soups mixed, garnished with chopped celery, and potato soup, garnished with fried onion rings and watercress.

The savoury part of your meal can consist of:

Ham tarts — line patty tins with pastry, fill with cooked chopped ham (or bacon), thinly sliced mushrooms or tomatoes, and well-seasoned beaten eggs. Cover with pastry and bake until crisp.

Cheese soufflés — line patty tins with pastry, beat yolks and whites of eggs separately, season well, then add grated cheese and chopped parsley to taste. Pour into pastry cases and bake until pastry is firm.

Sandwiches can be given an entirely new look if you serve them as in Scandinavia—with the filling on top of the bread. Try:

Ham — garnished with rings of apple, mayonnaise and tiny onions.

Liver sausage — with cream cheese and sliced olives.

Thinly sliced lamb—with red currant jelly and lettuce.

Cream cheese — mixed with chopped celery and dates, garnished with walnuts.

Prawns — mixed with scrambled egg and garnished with capers and sliced gherkins.

Ideas for sweets:

Ice-cream with hot chocolate, fudge or pineapple sauces. Set fresh fruit salads in jellies or rice moulds. Make or buy meringue cases, serve each half with whipped cream and crystallized fruit. Cut fingers of sweet cakes. Fill crisp tartlet cases with fruit and jelly, or fruit purée mixed with whipped cream, decorate with cherries.

CONTINENTAL SAVOURIES

Norwegian herrings in wine sauce (Kryddesild). These provide a tasty snack served on crackers or squares of brown bread. You will need seven medium-sized herrings, one large sliced onion, three tablespoons olive oil, three tablespoons vinegar, two tablespoons water, one tablespoon wine (dry), one tablespoon sugar, half teaspoon pepper, six whole cloves.

Remove skin and bones from herrings and soak in cold water for a few hours. Mix together all the other ingredients, cut herring fillets into titbits and place in a glass jar alternately with the onion mixture. Let these stand at least twenty-four hours before using.

Lithuanian Cheese (Suris): a spread for using on thin pumpernickel sandwiches. Blend one pound of cottage cheese with half a cup of cream until smooth. Add three-quarters teaspoon salt, one teaspoon caraway seeds and mould into a round loaf. Place on a large square of cheesecloth, tie up the four corners tightly and press between two plates under a weight in a cool place for twenty-four hours until cheese is firm enough to hold its shape. Can also be sliced and served on crackers.

Cuban banana chips (Galleticas). These are an unusual savoury, delicious with cocktails, sherry or other drinks. Take a dozen large under-ripe bananas, peel and cut into very thin slices. Fry quickly in deep hot fat, or oil, until brown. They will then be crisp and tasty. Sprinkle with a little salt and serve on platters.

Hungarian stuffed eggs. You will need eight hard-boiled eggs, eight tablespoons mayonnaise, chopped parsley, pinch of salt and pepper. Cut the eggs lengthways and take out the yolks. Put the yolks in a basin, add half the mayonnaise and mash well with a fork, adding seasoning. Heap mixture back into the whites, shaping like a whole yolk. Coat with the rest of the mayonnaise and sprinkle with parsley. Serve as savoury on green salad.

HOW TO PLAN A CHILDREN'S PARTY *by Annette Mills*

MAKE a timetable well in advance for a children's party—so much time for tea, so much for games, for entertainment and for just plain romping.

Be punctual. If the invitations say half past three (an ideal time, I have found, whatever the age groups), then be ready to start at a quarter past. The guests will be standing at the door at that time, if not before.

Remember that in a children's party the boys become aggressively male and the girls more maddeningly feminine. There is nothing like tea around a big table for breaking down reserve. Serve it straight away as soon as the last guest has arrived. The instinct of the survival of the fittest when a fair share of the jelly is at stake can be guaranteed to end shyness.

Decide beforehand what you are going to do about those interlopers — the grown-ups. Mothers of young children will expect to be allowed to stay; mothers of older ones will understand more or less that the afternoon is a strictly junior affair. The young guests usually make that plain, too. Before parents go away, check the time when their charges are to be retrieved. It is a good idea to put this time forward by a quarter of an hour.

Face up to the fact that there will be noise, and plenty of it, to be endured. Probably, there will be a little rough-housing, too, which can easily get out of hand when age groups and sexes are mixed. I have found that at some time during the party it is a good idea for the boys to go to one room for games and the girls to another.

A lot depends on supervision—and on the supervisors. Recruit them with care. Doting aunts with too little control can wreck any party. Tact and an eagle eye are two essentials—tact to stop the rough-housing without appearing to; an eagle eye to seek out the wallflower little girl and the awkward little boy who tend to be overshadowed by their tougher fellow guests.

Plan your games, but make sure you know the rules. I find that the old ones are still the favourites —"Oranges and Lemons," "Hide and Seek" (with permission to wander all over the house), "London Bridge" and "I Spy."

IF THE PARTY FLAGS. *by Muir and Norden*

GIVE Aunt Martha a smoked - salmon sandwich.

Wait till Granny's in bed, then saw halfway through the stairs and shout "Fire!"

Open another bottle.

Climb up the hatrack, shove your head through it and say: "Look!—Rudolph the Red-nosed Reindeer."

Set the piano alight and all sing campfire songs.

Start a game of "Jockey's Knock." It's just like "Postman's Knock" only with more horseplay.

Eat a dry biscuit, then try to whistle "Oh Mein Papa" while riding a bicycle round the room wearing frogmen's flippers.

Fill your mouth with water, bore a hole through the top of your head, then give an impression of Moby Dick.

Have a competition to see who can hold their breath for ten minutes.

Open another bottle.

Play a game of Murder with real bullets.

Open the last bottle.

Go to bed.

A Gillette for Christmas

Check the men on your Christmas list. Probably all shave and have razors. Don't let that stop you. If they are using old-style razors or those which have lost their precision from being dropped and damaged, they are missing a lot. For their presents mark down Gillette Superspeed as a natural. They'll be delighted with the change. Up-to-date streamlined shaving every day for years to come — here's the Set to give it.

8/6 value for 6/6. Quick-action one-piece Razor. Quick-feed Dispenser with six Blue Gillette Blades and discarded blade container. Compact moulded case with transparent lid.

Superspeed Gift Set
This Set consists of 'Rocket' Razor Set, an extra Dispenser with 10 Blue Gillette Blades, and tube of Gillette Shaving Cream — price **11/7.**

Months of Grand Shaving
— two 10-Blade Dispensers in cheerful Christmas pack — price **5/8.**

THE HUMAN ANIMALS

by ***STUART CLOETE***

ILLUSTRATED BY MILLAR WATT

He thought of them as wild beasts that God had given him. They were his, like his rifle or his oxen, to do with as he pleased

ANDRIES VAN RENSBURG was a hard man. He believed in God, his rifle and his sjambok. His God was a jealous, savage God. An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth sort of God. The rifle, a Mauser, was as much a part of himself as his hand. The sjambok was a four-foot strip of rhino hide that had been soaked in milk and then buried for months in the manure of the kraal cattle to season.

He sat by a small fire, the gun and whip beside him, cooking a saddle of springbuck in the ashes. A few yards away his knee-haltered horse nibbled at the sparse dry grass. All around him was the vastness of Africa, and its silence, for this was the edge of the desert. It was also his possession, for as far as you could see, and then beyond that, as far as you could see again. Land, even desert land, was his passion. The passion of the Boer.

This place he called Number Four. It was a water hole, one of those rare pans in the desolation of sand which held some water even in a drought. At the moment there was very little—only a few inches, thick with the mud and sediment stirred up by the game that came to drink. Still, it was water. He would eat, sleep beside it, and ride home tomorrow. Then he would send a shepherd here with one of his flocks. The dry grass that looked so poor was good grazing, good for the Kalahari in winter anyway, and the flock would thrive on it.

He lit his pipe and was content. What more could a man ask of life—land by the thousand morgen, stock that he had carried safely through another winter, for it was nearly over now, and a conscience clear of sin. . . . He thanked God that he was a righteous man. A just man. God could ask no more than this. His wife was dead and he had never taken another. Women were scarce in the desert. His children were grown up and had left him, but they would return one day. His health at fifty-five was good. He was a man of iron.

The sun was low now. It was the hour that the Kaffirs call "the beautiful"—the time when all things are beautiful. A mauve light suffused the desert, the shadows of the sparse grass were long black hairs on the purple sand. On a little rise the fine particles blew, drifting like smoke in the evening breeze. There was no sound except the rhythmic cropping of the horse and the soft pad of his hoofs as he moved forward with lowered head.

Then he saw something—a movement to the north. Like an animal, he felt it before he saw it, and laid his rifle across his knees before he looked.

As he watched, the movement became clearer. The two spots on the distant sand were human figures. They staggered. One fell, the other paused, and came on. He began to take shape. A Bushman. Van Rensburg opened the bolt of his rifle and a long brass cartridge slipped up from the magazine and into the breech as he closed it. There was a click as he put on the safety catch. You never knew with Bushmen. It could be a trick.

The boy—he was no more than that—staggered as he walked. But he might have a tiny bow, with a poisoned arrow ready, hidden in his pouch.

Van Rensburg knew Bushmen. He had shot several. It was, of course, against the law. But the law was a variable thing. Not quite the same in a town as in the desert. And besides, who could ever tell? Who could prove anything, and what jury would convict? Bushmen, in his eyes and those of his neighbours—the nearest lived fifty miles away—were vermin. Stock thieves and vermin.

The boy was near now. He was on his last legs. As he walked, he weaved from side to side. His skin was stretched over his bones, his dark eyes glazed in their sockets. Then he fell.

Van Rensburg got up—he still had his rifle in his hand—and went over to him, stirred him with his foot. There was no danger here. He put down the gun and fetched a pannikin of water. He poured some into the boy's mouth. Reviving, the boy took the pannikin from him and drank eagerly. He gave him more. The boy stood up, and, taking a gourd he had attached to his waist, held it out. Van Rensburg took it to the pan and filled it.

The boy went back towards the body that lay on the sand three hundred yards away. Van Rensburg picked up his rifle again and sat down to watch him as he would have watched an animal—a baboon. That was the way he thought of Bushmen—they were like baboons. But a little cleverer and therefore more dangerous.

He knew of a man who had trained a baboon to lead oxen. *Ja*, a *voorloper* baboon. Well, why not tame these Bushmen monkeys? Why not? One could always do with servants. And had not God sent them to him? He would teach them to work and worship God. This was clearly his duty. He would give them a *voorloper* Christianity.

His mouth relaxed, though not into a smile; for an instant, simply, it was less hard. His eyes, still fixed on the figures staggering towards him, did not change.

The boy had raised his fallen companion and given him water. He drank greedily and stood up. Like animals, Van Rensburg thought again. They were out, down, and then before you could wink an eye they were up again. A Christian, by which he meant a white man, would have taken much longer. Would almost certainly have died on the trek they had made.

They came along together now, slowly, painfully, like a pair of foundered oxen. Yes, as a baboon was able to do a boy's work leading oxen, as it could approach humanity by that act, so would these two approach Christianity under his tuition. He would teach them to fear God.

God in his mind was a terrible figure, an immense bearded white man, and the first step to the fear of God was the fear and respect of the white men that God created in his image. To enforce this was his duty. Clearly he was God's instrument. It was for this that he had been directed to Number Four.

He threw some more of the springbuck on to the coals of the fire. They would need meat. It seared and burnt. The smell of roasting meat joined with that of the smoke.

The second one was a girl. A pair, he thought. I can breed from them. A family of servants. He meant slaves, but he did not use the word. After all, he had saved them, and in equity their lives were his.

When they reached the fire they sat down and stared at him, their nostrils wide, twitching at the scent of the scorching meat.

He pointed to it. The boy pulled a chunk off the fire. Setting it on a stone, he shaved off a piece with a knife that appeared to be made of an assagai blade, and fed the girl. He fetched her more water, then he fed her again. He held her tenderly in his arms from behind, supporting her as he did so.

Van Rensburg thought: Almost like human beings. *Ja*, there was no doubt that in many ways they resembled people. Came midway between the beasts of the field and man. As if God, before He made men, had created a half-man to see how His work would turn out—to see if it was worth proceeding with the job.

As he watched them, his thoughts drifted away. One day, with the help of explosives, he would make a well here—not only here, but also at Number One, Number Two and Number Three. With good water he could double the number of stock he carried.

The pair—he called them that in his mind—went on eating. If a starving white man had done that it would have killed him. But Bushmen could do it. Could starve and then feast. They had done it for thousands of years. That was why they were able to survive, why God

Klon looked down at Anna and the baby. They had food and shelter, but that was all. They were no better than slaves

had provided them with backsides in which they could store fat the way an Afrikander ox stored it in its hump, or a Kaffir sheep in its tail.

The boy now scraped a sort of nest near the fire. He helped the girl into it and then he lay beside her. They curled up together like two dogs. Van Rensburg watched them fall asleep and then, knocking out his pipe, he arranged his saddle for a pillow, rolled himself up in his blanket and lay down with his rifle beside him. It was still loaded and he did not put on the safety catch again.

The following day he took them back, driving them in front of his horse. It took them twelve hours to do the thirty miles. They were exhausted when they got back, but with food and rest they would pick up.

He gave them a meal of mealie pap and sheep offal, and bedded them down on some old bags in a little corrugated-iron shed where he kept his skins and spare trek gear.

Within a month the girl was working in the house. Anna, he called her. The boy he named Klon, and he put him to herding the flock of sheep and goats that he kept near the homestead. The boy's duty was to take them out to graze in the morning and bring them back into the kraal at night. As they came in, Van Rensburg stood at the gate and counted them. It

was all very satisfactory. He paid the pair nothing. After all, why should he? He paid his dog nothing. He fed them only mealie meal and offal.

It was impossible to say if they were happy or what their concept of happiness was. But the pleasure of the Bushman is to be free.

They were not free. Freedom is to hunt. They did not hunt. Is to feast on meat. They had no feasts. Is to dance in the full of the moon. They had no dancing. Their story Van Rensburg never knew. They had no means of communicating anything so complicated as the disaster which had befallen the little family group of which they were the only survivors.

How could they tell him of the little children who had died? Of the women who had died, of the three men, who were the hunters, that had been killed by wandering Kaffirs? Or how they had escaped by being away seeking edible roots when it happened. First starvation, then illness and, finally, massacre was their story. On the other hand, they were alive. They were no longer starving and they had each other.

Slowly they learned the Taal—the language of their master. In a year they could speak it and understand the instructions they received, and Anna had a baby. A tiny little thing with peppercorns of widely separated hair upon its head.

And all this time Klon herded his flock of sheep and goats on the veld about the homestead. Other herders took care of the more distant flocks, but Van Rensburg wanted the Bushman under his eyes and hand.

The food Klon received was always the same mealie meal and sheep and goat offal. But for some time this meant little to him since he could hunt guinea fowl, francolin, hares and even mice and rats when he was out with his flock. He killed them with his throwing sticks, with stones, with snares and small traps. In this way he got his meat and brought home meat for Anna.

But at the end of a year he had killed every living thing in the area that he pastured, and slowly, cumulatively, his meat hunger grew. Meat, with the addition of roots and wild fruits, had been his food since he had stopped drinking his mother's milk. It was to meat that he had been weaned, and with a man meat hunger can grow into a madness.

It did. He became so mad that one day he slaughtered a kid and ate it. The skin he buried in the sand and covered with a rock.

WHEN the flock came in that night, Van Rensburg said, "There's one missing." He looked at the beasts in the kraal. In his mind he pictured them in all their various colours and ages: nannies, billies, kapaters—castrated goats and kids—and the sheep, the fat-tailed, black-headed and varicoloured.

He saw them all and ticked them off in his mind. Then he said: "Where is the white kid with a black patch on the left eye?"

"It was taken by an eagle," Klon said.

"Why did you not tell me?"

"I was afraid."

"You were right to be afraid." That was all he said. But the next day he mounted his horse and rode over the veld to where the flock had been pasturing. Klon watched him. It occurred to him that he should have burnt the skin. Yet it should be safe under the stone.

But it wasn't. In the night a jackal had dug it up and eaten part of it. Perhaps if Klon had not killed all the ground game the jackal would not have been so famished. But there it lay for Van Rensburg to find.

Ja, he thought, it is what I expected. Now the boy must be given a lesson. In life, everything had to have a lesson. There was a time when a young horse fought and tried to throw you, when mastery hung in the balance. There was a time when a dog growled at you, or a bull stood instead of running away. All these had to be dealt with once and for all. The idea of fear had to be impressed, and then there was no more trouble.

He rode home with the skin. When Klon came in and had kraaled the flock, he called him.

"Klon," he said, "about this eagle. Does the eagle skin a kid and hide the skin beneath a stone for the jackals to eat?"

The boy said nothing.

"You do not answer. That does not surprise me. You ate the kid and buried the skin. But the Lord took me to it. Thou shalt not steal, saith the Lord. And you will not after this."

He seized the boy's wrists and made him fast with a riem to the spokes of the great back wheel of the wagon. The boy's back was bare—he wore a shirt only on Sundays—and he was tied with his face to the wagon. Then Van Rensburg thrashed him with the great sjambok he always carried. The whip cut through his skin with every stroke.

The blows fell diagonally, and when he had covered it with blows running one way, Van Rensburg moved and covered it with blows running the other way.

That would mark him for life. That would teach him. He fetched a handful of the rough salt that he gave to his animals and rubbed it into Klon's back. That would make him remember. *Ja*, and keep the flies off at the same time.

AFTER his beating, Klon was changed. He had not been happy before, but he had not been unhappy. He had lived in a kind of vacuum. Now he was possessed of only one thought. Even meat meant nothing. Only the death of Van Rensburg interested him. One day he would kill him—but he must not be caught. He was not afraid of being killed, being shot or hanged. He had been civilized long enough to learn of these things. What he feared was being imprisoned, being shut in a box with an iron door. They did this to men in the prison.

So he continued to work for his master, to plan and to hate.

Once he might have run away, even leaving Anna and the child. Now nothing could have taken him away. Now no man could have had a more faithful or devoted servant. Whenever he was near he watched his master, trying to anticipate his every wish. He knew that you must know the thing you hunt. Know all its habits. The very expression of its eyes.

Van Rensburg was convinced that the boy was cured, that he was tame now. When Japie Marais, who had stopped in for a meal as he trekked by, remarked on his back, he said: "*Ja*, Japie. I've broken him. He was wild and now he's tame."

"Andries," Japie said, "it was not wise. With a Kaffir, yes. You can flog one and in a month he has forgotten. But a Bushman never forgets. I know them. I have been here longer than you. I was born among them."

"He has learned his lesson," Van Rensburg said. "*Ja*, so much so that now I have taken him off herding and use him myself."

Every day Klon learned more about his master, and more from him, while he waited for his chance. Had he been a Christian he would have prayed to God to deliver his enemy into his hand. But his master had never been able to teach him to believe in God.

About this time, Van Rensburg started on his wells. He hired four Kaffirs for the work. But when they came to rock he blasted it, with Klon to help him. In the evening the Kaffirs who did the digging moved off to a small camp they had made, and Van Rensburg made his fire near the well-head and sat smoking beside it while he waited for his supper to cook.

Klon soon learned to handle the explosives, and that was how his great idea came to him. For the first time since his beating he smiled. He had a plan. It was beautiful.

ONE afternoon when his master was busy he took a golden syrup tin, packed it all round with damp clay, put in all the explosive it would hold, tamped it with more clay and then, biting a detonator on to a short length of fuse, buried the bomb under the ashes of the hearth with the fuse sticking out into the kindling of sticks and dry grass that he laid ready for the evening fire. It was his duty to prepare the fire so that when the work was done, as it was cold in the evening, Van Rensburg could sit in comfort. Tonight he behaved as usual.

When Van Rensburg came up from the well, he watched the Kaffirs go off, then, taking out his pipe he lit it, sat down on a box and dropped the match into the kindling.

All this Klon saw from a distance, for he had withdrawn when he saw his master coming, and was picking up scraps of dry dung and twigs for the fire. . . .

After the explosion, Klon and the Kaffirs ran to see what had happened. The ground was scorched and riven. Van Rensburg was almost blown to pieces. The Kaffirs, afraid of the body, refused to stay near it and moved their camp. Klon inspanned the horses and drove to the police post. But he went to the house first to tell Anna and put on his shirt and best trousers. It would not be respectful to go in rags.

It took him two days to reach the post. He said he did not know what had happened, but his master was dead. "There was a loud noise," he said, "like thunder." Like the thunder his master made down the hole in the ground.

"My God," the sergeant said. "Blasting. He's blown himself up."

"*Ja*," Klon said, "there is not much left of the Baas." He stood with lowered head, his hands hanging by his side.

"You'll have to come with us," the sergeant said.

"I will guide you, Baas," the boy said. "We can go a short way straight over the veld."

Six hours later, the police sergeant, a mounted trooper and the district surgeon stood beside what was left of Andries Van Rensburg.

"Not much doubt what happened, is there, Sergeant?" the doctor said.

"No, sir. Accidental death. Must

Consider your verdict

by

RUSSELL SCOTT, LL.B.

MR. CRANE and his family lived in a house which he rented from Mr. Tithe, a good landlord whose relations with his tenants were very cordial.

At the start of the cold weather, Tithe decided to install a new boiler in Crane's house, for the existing one was wearing out and Crane could not afford to replace it. The new boiler was of a standard type and Tithe bore the whole cost of putting it in.

Owing to the negligence of the workmen who fitted it, the safety-valve on the boiler was wrongly adjusted, and it could not operate.

For three months, the new boiler worked well. Then it exploded while Joe, Crane's son-in-law who lived with the Cranes, was stoking it. Joe was badly injured and spent some time in hospital.

When the cause of the accident was discovered, Joe sued Tithe for heavy damages, for it was found that the water pipes had frozen—if the boiler's safety-valve had worked, there would have been no explosion.

Tithe defended strongly. "The Cranes were delighted to have the new boiler put in," he told the judge, "and they have never complained about it. It didn't cost them a penny, and when they accept such service, they have no right to complain months later.

"In any case, Joe is not my tenant. If Crane himself had been hurt, it might have been different, but I am certainly under no obligation to Joe, who is a stranger to me."

"I am a member of the tenant's household," replied Joe, "and that should be enough. Tithe was responsible for installing a dangerous boiler that could have injured anyone in the house—not only Mr. Crane. He cannot avoid liability by showing that it was put in free. The job should have been done properly."

What is your verdict? For the judge's decision, turn to page 42

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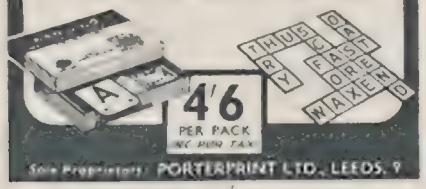

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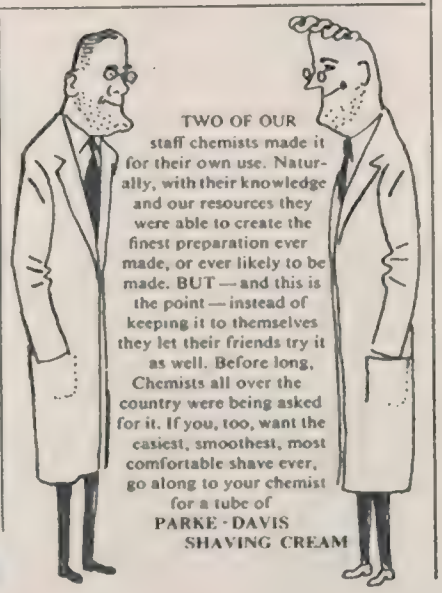

TWO OF OUR staff chemists made it for their own use. Naturally, with their knowledge and our resources they were able to create the finest preparation ever made, or ever likely to be made. BUT—and this is the point—instead of keeping it to themselves they let their friends try it as well. Before long, Chemists all over the country were being asked for it. If you, too, want the easiest, smoothest, most comfortable shave ever, go along to your chemist for a tube of

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have been careless." The sergeant closed his little yellow book. "Accidental death while handling explosives as he blasted the rock in a well, at a water hole known as Number Four."

"I'll sign the papers when we get back," the doctor said.

The constable mounted his bay horse. The sergeant and the surgeon got into the cart. The native constable climbed in at the back.

"Come, Klon," the sergeant said. The Bushman jumped in beside the constable.

No one had thought to ask him if he understood explosives. Why should they? A wild Bushman boy. When they got back to the house, the mules pulled up with a jingling of harness. Klon got down. The surgeon said: "And what are you going to do?" He looked at the boy and the girl carrying a baby on her hip who had come to the door.

"Me?" the boy said. "We shall go."

"Go where?"

He pointed with a wide sweep to the north and west.

"To the desert?" the surgeon asked.

Klon nodded. To him it was not desert. To him it was home.

"You don't want him, do you?" the surgeon asked.

"Me? No. What for? We've got his evidence. We don't want him. An accident," he said. He tightened the reins. The mules' heads came up. He cracked his whip and the Cape cart rolled on.

Murder. What did Klon know of murder? There had been an enemy. There was no longer an enemy. He, they, were free.

He went into the little shed where they lived. From the rafters he pulled out the things he had prepared—a small bow, arrows, a springbuck horn full of poison, the two ostrich eggs with wooden plugs in a plaited leather net—and went out into the sunshine where the girl was waiting. Here, outside the house, he pulled off his khaki shirt and his trousers. The girl stripped off her Mother Hubbard, picked up the child and set him on her naked hip.

She had a couple of frayed sheepskins hanging from her shoulder. She took the ostrich shells from him. They looked at each other. He stepped forward. They would follow the double spoor of the police Cape cart. They would fill up their eggs at Number Four and continue their journey.

Now that it was over, what had it been but an interlude?

Soon they were what they had been when Van Rensburg had first seen them, two black specks moving over the sands of Africa. THE END

A TRIP TO BERLIN

Continued from page 14

off. All they let me keep was a little chain bracelet—just a lot of thin links in some white metal with a little swastika charm dangling from it. I lost the bracelet years ago, but I still have the charm. I'm wearing it now!"

Miranda held out her left hand with a flourish. About her wrist she wore a gold charm bracelet jingling with lucky coins, signs of the Zodiac, replicas of windmills, sailing boats and ships' lanterns. Among them, and slightly larger than the rest, was a small swastika of white metal, its surface smooth and its edges deeply engraved.

"This is most interesting," said Brigadier Brindley. "Extraordinarily interesting. Incredible! Might I have a look at that trinket?"

"Of course." She struggled with the stiff clasp of the bracelet and handed it across the table to the brigadier, who examined it and presently passed it round the table.

"It is very interesting, is it not?" said Mademoiselle, peering at it doubtfully before returning it to its owner.

"It's like a sort of fairy story, isn't it?" said Miranda, pocketing the bracelet rather than wrestle with the clasp. "A rather creepy one by the Brothers Grimm."

"It certainly is a very remarkable coincidence," said Brigadier Brindley. "A most romantic story."

"A story that will not end until the Ridders are discovered," said Robert.

"Perhaps they will never be discovered," said Brigadier Brindley. "Perhaps they are dead—blown up by a bomb among the ruins of some broken city. I think it is very likely."

"Why, sir?"

BRIGADIER BRINDLEY said: "Because if they were not dead, one of them at least should have been easy to trace. Frau Ilse had a deformity that was not such a common one. The second and third fingers of her left hand were joined together. She may have had them operated on, but it would undoubtedly leave scars that would be impossible to disguise. And that is why I feel sure that Frau Ilse, at least, is dead. A physical defect or peculiarity sticks in the memory of the observer when all else has faded to a blur. One seldom fails to notice, or remember, a freak of nature."

Miranda saw Mademoiselle's spine stiffen and her sallow face flush a painful shade of puce. The governess was one of those distressing persons who appear to be perpetually taking offence. She had obviously taken the brigadier's words as a direct affront, for she herself had a noticeable physical peculiarity. Her eyes were of different colours—the left being blue and the right hazel. This was a source of endless amusement to Lottie and her friends.

Miranda smiled consolingly at her across the table, but Mademoiselle's mouth narrowed into an offended line and she returned Miranda's smile with a frosty stare.

"If you will excuse, madam," she said to Stella, "I would go now to find some hot milk for the Thermos. The little Charlotte will sleep better in the train if she drink the cup of hot milk when she is ready for bed."

She got up and rustled away, wounded feelings in every line of her back.

THREE hours later, the Berlin train rocked and swayed through the night to the clattering rhythm of the iron wheels. But Stella did not hear them, for she was already asleep, having borrowed two capsules of sleeping powder from Brigadier Brindley, who apparently never travelled without them.

Robert stood looking at her for a moment, swaying to the swing of the train. In that dim light she appeared strangely young and exhausted. Poor Stella, thought Robert, how she does hate it. But there was nothing he could do about it. He could not, as Stella wished, leave the army. It was the only profession he knew and he had few illusions as to his abilities.

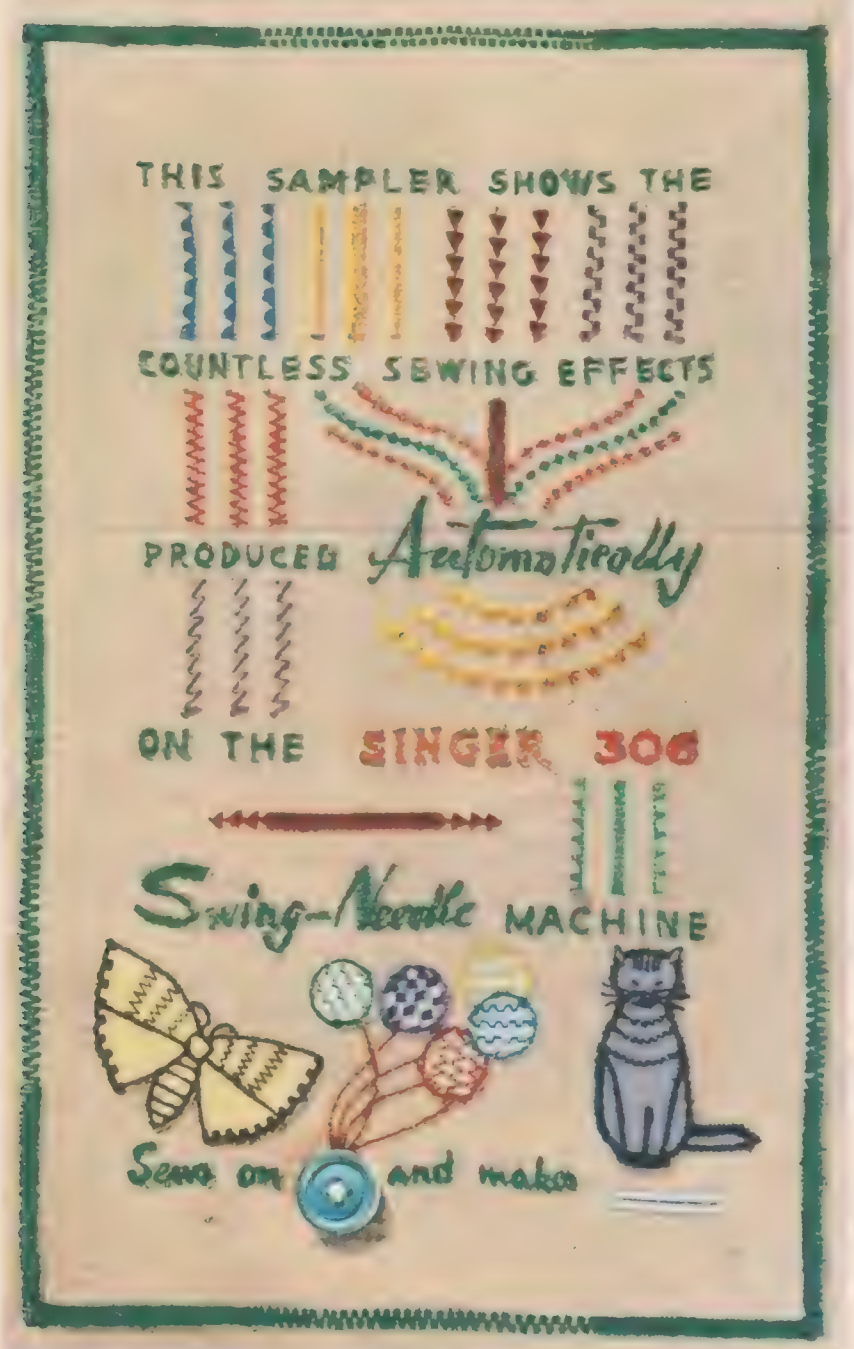
He yawned tiredly and sat down on the edge of his berth to remove his slippers. He had not realized that the Pages would be on the same train. A bit awkward really, their being in Berlin. He would have to be careful.

He wriggled in between the sheets and switched off the light. A fortune in diamonds, lost and perhaps still unclaimed. He could do with a handful of diamonds himself. . . .

In the compartment next door, Mademoiselle Beljame removed a woollen dressing-gown of Edwardian design from an aged Gladstone bag. She moved quietly so as not to wake Lottie, who lay in the upper berth. A flannel nightdress followed and a pair of hand-knitted slippers. Mademoiselle laid them out upon the berth

Consider your verdict

IN the case on page 40, the judge said that the fact that the boiler was installed free did not reduce Tithe's responsibility to have a thorough job done. However, his duty in this case was only to the tenant and not to Joe, who had no rights against Tithe and lost his case. (*This is the probable verdict, based on actual cases.*)



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and half filled the small washbasin with warm water.

Catching sight of herself in the mirror above it, she leaned forward and peered intently at her reflection. It was time she gave herself another application of the dye. She lifted a bony finger and touched the centre parting of her severely dressed hair. Tomorrow, or the next day, she must see to it.

Before the war, thought Mademoiselle, you were a young woman. Yet now you are an old one. Old and ugly.

She drew a long, quivering breath and began to undress. . . .

"A fortune in diamonds!" mused Harry Marson. "No wonder the blighter decided to stick to them. I wish to God I could get my hands on a fortune! In fact, just now I'd settle for a thousand quid, cash down. How the hell we're going to—are you asleep, Elsa?"

But Elsa Marson was not asleep. She lay quite still, staring into the darkness and wishing with all her heart that the train was taking her anywhere but to Berlin. If only she need not have come back!

Elsa Marson, whose soft speaking voice with its slight broken accent so plainly proclaimed her foreign birth, turned on her pillow and wept for the safety of humdrum English towns. . . .

In another compartment, Colonel Leslie tied his pyjama cord. Odd, seeing George Brindley again after all these years, he thought. Wonder if he recognized me? Probably not. It's been a longish time. Just the same talkative ass. Sleeping pills! It used to be quinine. Never knew such a man for dosing himself.

He climbed cautiously up into the upper berth.

Norah Leslie removed a pair of green fabric gloves and frowned at their soiled palms and fingers. Perhaps if she gave them a quick wash now they would be dry before morning?

Her thoughts veered off at a tangent: Robert Melville—Robert and that woman! Why didn't men see through women like that? Selfish, spoilt, grabbing, dog-in-the-manger women.

Mrs. Leslie took the soap and began to wash her gloves, scrubbing savagely at the inoffensive fabric. . . . .

THE Pages were quarrelling. They quarrelled too often these days and about too many trivial things. "All right then," said Andy. "You don't care a damn about him, and he's just a charming chap who dances like a dream! But is that any reason why you should look at him as though you were some frightful bobby-soxer drooling at the latest American crooner?"

"I did nothing of the sort!" Sally snapped back.

"Oh yes you did! Everybody must have noticed it. It was quite blatant! You used to do it in Fayid, and now here you go again! One look at that glamorous profile and you go weak at the knees."

"You're impossible," said Sally, furiously, "I ought never to have married you. I pinch and scrape and save and wear old clothes and never have any fun and when anyone under sixty speaks to me there is a vulgar, selfish, jealous scene!"

"Sally, that isn't fair. You know it's not. You knew before you married me that we'd be very hard up. But we shan't always be as broke as this, darling."

"Oh, never mind," said Sally, drearily. "Don't let's talk about money again. I can't bear it. I wish I had those diamonds that brigadier was talking about. Millions!—just think of it! I wonder who's got them now?"

But Andy did not answer. . . .

Amazing! thought Brigadier Brindley, drowsily. Quite extraordinary. Chance in a thousand. . . .

The train rushed on through the night towards Berlin. It was long past midnight, but Miranda could not sleep. She was thinking of Mademoiselle. A repellent woman, thought Miranda. Bony, greying and bespectacled; apparently suffering from a perpetual cold and given to nibbling caraway seeds like some desiccated Victorian spinster. Mademoiselle had been in Lille when the German Army had swept through France and had been unable to return to her native Switzerland. Later, under suspicion of being involved with the Underground movement, she had been sent to a concentration camp. One could not help feeling sorry for her, but it was impossible to like her.

Miranda yawned, wriggled, jerked irritably at her blankets and wished fervently that she had accepted Brigadier Brindley's offer of a sleeping pill.

Mademoiselle, who had an incurable passion for pills in any form, had accepted one, and Stella had taken two. Miranda envied them their forethought.

There were not many passengers travelling to Berlin that night, and, the train being half empty, Miranda and Brigadier Brindley had each been allotted a two-berth compartment to themselves. The brigadier was next door to Miranda and, she thought crossly, undoubtedly fast asleep.

The narrow compartment was close and stuffy. Miranda shut her eyes and tried to will herself to go to sleep, but it was no use, and she opened them again and lay staring into the darkness.

SOMEWHERE near at hand a latch clicked, and a thin thread of light showed under the locked door that lay between the two compartments. So much for the brigadier's sleeping pills, thought Miranda. The light vanished, and Miranda yawned and presently decided that she was thirsty. But she had no drinking water, having upset the carafe while cleaning her teeth.

"Damn!" said Miranda, speaking aloud into the darkness.

She thought she heard someone pass down the corridor. If the elderly and kindly-faced sleeping-car attendant was patrolling the corridor he could probably get her a glass of water or, better still, a hot drink. She tied the sash of her dressing-gown round her slim waist and stepped out into the corridor.

But there was no one there. The corridor stretched emptily away on either hand, bounded on the one side by a long line of closed doors and on the other by a blank wall of dark windows.

For a fleeting moment, Miranda had the disturbing fancy that behind every closed door there was someone who stood quite still, holding their breath to listen.

She shivered suddenly and, pulling the warm velvet folds of her dressing-gown closer about the throat, marched off briskly in search of the attendant.

The *Dienstraum*, the small cabin occupied by the sleeping-car attendant, was empty and the lavatory beyond was without drinking water. Miranda gave it up and decided to return to her own compartment. But she lingered by the open door of the attendant's brightly lit room, seized by a quite inexplicable reluctance to return down that long, blank, empty stretch of corridor.

What is the matter with me tonight? she thought impatiently. Why do I keep imagining things?

Feeling exceedingly foolish and more than a little cross, and with her heart still beating uncomfortably fast, Miranda turned and walked rapidly back along the corridor.

The door to her compartment was ajar and she pushed it quickly open and went in. It seemed very dark in there after the light outside. She groped for the electric-light switch but could not find it. Well, it did not matter, for she had lost all desire for a drink and could get back to bed quite easily in the dark.

The train rocked round a curve and Miranda's foot slipped suddenly, and she stumbled and flung out a hand to feel for the edge of her berth.

But the berth appeared to be farther from the door than she had imagined. She took a step forward and hit herself sharply against a washbasin.

But surely the basin had been on the opposite side of the carriage? She took another, cautious, step forward and found herself touching a smooth

"Good heavens, the price of tea is going up again!"

wooden surface. Her berth seemed to have vanished.

And then, all at once, she realized what had happened. She was in the wrong compartment! Suppressing a strong desire to giggle, she realized that she had invaded the bachelor sanctum of Brigadier Brindley.

Thank heaven for those sleeping tablets! she thought wildly. At least she had not wakened him.

She tiptoed to the door, which was still ajar, and a moment later she was back in her own compartment, sitting on the edge of her berth with the lights turned on, and laughing weakly. What an idiotic thing to have done!

All at once, and for the first time that night, Miranda felt relaxed and sleepy. She yawned largely and untied the sash of her dressing-gown. There was a wet, dark smear on the velvet folds; she must have splashed some water on it from the basin in the next cabin. What a nuisance, thought Miranda, frowning. She brushed her hand over it. But it was not water. . . .

Miranda sat very still, staring down at the stain on her palm.

It's the dye, said a voice in Miranda's brain. *It's only the dye from the velvet.*

But no dye was so richly red. So sticky.

There was blood on the ruby-red folds of the dressing-gown. A wet, red patch of fresh blood just above the level of her knee. Her eyes moved downwards towards the floor and widened incredulously, for there were marks upon the carriage floor that had not been there before. The dark, neat, damp prints of a shoe.

MIRANDA reached down with unsteady hands and, pulling off her slippers, sat staring at them in horrified disbelief. The narrow soles of the small morocco slippers were as wet and red as though they had walked through a pool of blood.

She dropped them on to the floor and stood up. There was only one possible explanation. The blood must have come from the brigadier's compartment, and that meant the brigadier had had a haemorrhage or broken a blood vessel. She must fetch help at once—surely there must be a doctor on the train?

Miranda jerked open the door of her compartment and stood once more in the quiet, empty corridor. There were more marks on the floor of the corridor. The dark prints of her slippers, leading out of the door of the brigadier's compartment.

This time she knew where to feel for the electric-light switch, and it clicked under her hasty fingers.

As Miranda stood there in the doorway the clatter of the train wheels seemed to her no more than a muted murmur, like the sound of a sea shell held to the ear. The whole scene seemed to have taken on something of the detailed, lunatic quality of a Dali painting.

The train rocked and jolted. Miranda raised her hands in horror. She felt a rush of panic as she stared at the silent figure on the narrow berth, at the bright pool of blood upon the floor and the knife that lay beyond it, half in and half out of the swaying shadow of Brigadier Brindley's overcoat.

Miranda turned and ran wildly down the deserted corridor.

A MAN appeared at the end of the corridor, a slight young man wearing a heavy military overcoat and walking quickly towards her, and she had run into him and was clutching at him before she could stop herself. It was a man she had noticed at Harwich, and had been disappointed not to see since.

"Oh, it's you! Do something—quickly! He's dead!"

The man gripped her by the shoulders and stared down into her white, terrified face.

"What is it? Who is dead?"

"The brigadier—oh, do come! Someone has killed him!"

He caught her by the arm and jerked her round, and they were running down the corridor. Brigadier Brindley was lying as Miranda had left him, on his back and inclining slightly towards his left side, at the outer edge of the berth. His left arm hung down over the edge, the slack fingers almost touching the floor.

The breast of his striped pyjamas was disfigured by a spreading stain, and blood from a wound in his chest had run down inside his sleeve and formed a pool upon the floor.

The man stood quite still just inside the door of the small compartment. He appeared to have forgotten Miranda. He did not touch the body of the brigadier or make any move to pick up the oddly shaped knife that lay on the floor, but his eyes, which were a queer light grey that seemed to reflect the light like a cat's, were wide and bright and alight with some emotion that Miranda could not understand. They ranged slowly about the small compartment, noting, calculating, summing up and storing away detail after detail.

Then he turned, and taking her by the arm went out into the corridor, closing the door quietly behind him.

"There's nothing anyone can do for him. Which is your compartment?"

"This one." Miranda laid her hand on the adjoining door and saw a sudden flare of astonishment in the intent eyes.

"Who has the other berth in

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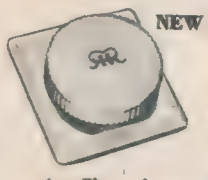

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there?" The words were clipped and hard.

"Nobody." Miranda saw her companion's eyes go from her feet to the prints on the floor. "Those are mine," she said unsteadily. "But I didn't do it. I found him like that."

The man looked at her oddly, but made no comment. He pushed open the door of her compartment and propelled her gently inside.

"Stay in there and don't move out of it until I get back." Then, without looking at her again, he closed the door softly and was gone.

Miranda sat on the edge of her berth, her feet dangling just clear of the floor and jerking to the movement of the train, and her hands locked tightly together in her lap.

She felt numb with shock. Because she had gone into the brigadier's compartment, would it look as though she had killed him? She wondered who that man was and why he was going to Berlin.

There were footsteps in the corridor outside and subdued sounds of movement in the next compartment. People came and went, but always quietly.

The cold minutes seemed to stretch into hours, but at last the handle turned and the man of the corridor came in and closed the door behind him. He stood looking down at her.

"Now, Miss Brand—that is your name, isn't it?—do you mind answering a few questions? First, what were you doing in the next compartment?"

Miranda shivered.

"You're frozen!" His voice was suddenly kind. He reached up and pulled down the folded blankets from the upper berth and wrapped one warmly about Miranda's unresisting shoulders, lifted her feet up on to the berth and tucked the second blanket about them.

"Do you mind if I sit down?" He seated himself at the far end of the berth. "Suppose you tell me all about it. What were you doing in there?" He jerked his head towards the locked door between the two compartments. "Did you go in that way?"

She shook her head. "No. I went in by the door in the corridor. You see, I couldn't sleep and I was thirsty, but I'd spilt my drinking water, and. . . ." Miranda was suddenly aware of the hysteria in her voice. She bit her lip and stopped.

"Go on."

"I'm sorry. I seem to be behaving very badly. Shock, I suppose."

"Don't let that worry you." He smiled unexpectedly; it was an extraordinarily pleasant smile that altered his face completely.

"Alec Guinness!" said Miranda abruptly. "I knew you reminded me of someone!"

"As a matter of fact," he said mildly, "my name is Lang, Simon Lang. You were saying that you couldn't go to sleep. . . ."

Miranda took a deep breath and, steadying her voice with an effort, told him exactly what had happened and how she had thought it odd to hear the brigadier moving in the next compartment.

"What was odd about it?"

"Oh nothing, really, except that he had taken sleeping pills."

"How did you know that?"

"Because I saw him take them. We all did. He had dinner with us at the Families' Hostel and he took them with his coffee. Mademoiselle and Stella took some, too."

"Let's have some names, please. Who else was in the hall just then?"

"Why? What does it matter?" Miranda was suddenly very angry and completely exhausted.

Simon Lang said: "I think we shall find that it matters rather a lot. Whoever killed the man in there must have known that he had taken a sleeping draught and was unlikely to wake. This was a quick stab straight to the heart, and whoever delivered it must have either turned on one of the lights or carried a torch—and known that it was safe to do so."

"There was a light," said Miranda tiredly. "It wasn't on for more than a minute."

She had to go into it very thoroughly, and then he was silent for a moment.

"Now," he said at last, "about the people who were in the hall of the hostel, please—and then you can go to sleep. . . ."

Miranda awoke to find the train at a standstill and cold, grey daylight filtering into the compartment around the edges of the window blind.

She pulled back the bedclothes and was surprised to find that underneath them she was not only still wearing her dressing-gown but was swathed in a cocoon of blankets.

That man—what was his name?—Simon Lang must have pulled the bedclothes over her and subsequently tucked her in.

Who was he? What was he? What had he been doing in the corridor so late last night, and by what right had he questioned her?

She wriggled herself free of the enveloping blankets and pulled aside the edge of the window blind. It was daylight and the train was standing at a station.

Someone tapped on the door, and it opened to admit Stella.

"You're awake," said Stella. "We were told to let you sleep for a bit. Randa, what a ghastly thing to happen! You found him, didn't you? Hurry and get your clothes on! They want to see us now. Here's a cup of tea."

Stella looked both excited and resentful. She talked on while Miranda dressed, explaining that their section of the train had been shunted into a side platform on arrival at Charlottenburg Station and that no one had as yet been allowed off it.

"They've taken all our luggage off," said Stella indignantly. "They wouldn't let us keep a thing. A man called Lang seems to have arranged it all. He was on our train from the Hook, and he seems to be something to do with police or Intelligence or M.I.5."

None of this, Miranda thought suddenly, was real to Stella. But then, she thought, Stella had not seen the dead face of Brigadier Brindley or that hideous, sprawling stain across his breast and on the carriage floor.

Miranda shivered and touched her mouth with lipstick, annoyed to find in the process that her hand was not entirely steady. Her face looked back at her from the square of mirror, unnaturally pale in the cold light, the

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"Back from the party so soon, Gerald?"

grey eyes with their tilting lashes wide and frightened.

Robert, who had been staring out of the window of his compartment with his hands in his pockets, swung round as the two women entered. He smiled at Miranda, then turned back to the window again. "They appear to be taking the brigadier away at last: can't think why they didn't do it earlier."

Stella went to stand beside him and their bodies shut out the view of the grey platform so that Miranda did not see the stretcher-bearers carry their blanket-covered burden past the window.

A few minutes later, a uniformed official walked along the corridor and told them they were to leave the train. They were ushered into a waiting-room where several officials and three British officers in uniform were grouped about a table. Suitcases, hatboxes and various pieces of hand luggage were neatly arranged against the wall.

Simon Lang was there, standing with his back to the windows, his slight figure dark against the grey daylight and his bland actor's face entirely expressionless. He appeared to be relaxed and almost lethargic. He did not look at Miranda, or indeed appear in the least interested in the proceedings, but she had an uncomfortable conviction that he missed no word or fleeting expression from anyone in that room and that he was in fact as about as relaxed as a steel spring.

The proceedings were mercifully brief. The passengers produced passports or identity cards, and gave the addresses to which they were going. The women produced their handbags for a cursory inspection. All lighters and torches were handed over.

EVENTUALLY, the last handbag was returned to its owner and the passengers were informed that they could now remove their luggage. The torches and the lighters would be retained, but returned to them as soon as possible. There were cars waiting outside to take them to their several destinations.

Only Miranda was still luggageless.

"When do I get my things?" she inquired of an affable gentleman in blue uniform.

Simon Lang wandered over. "I'll send them along to the hostel," he said. "There's no need to wait for them. We won't be keeping them long."

Miranda wanted to cry out to him: *You mean when you have looked for bloodstains—but you know there are bloodstains—you saw them last night! I showed them to you myself. Why do you have to look again?* She choked back the words with an effort that made her hands tremble, and, turning blindly away, caught at Robert's arm and walked quickly out of the room.

Outside, Robert bundled them into a small khaki-green beetle of a car, and they drove away from Charlottenburg Station into the thin, drizzling rain.

Miranda stared out with unseeing eyes at grey buildings and grey rain; at blocks of shops and houses interspersed with open spaces where only a rubble of bricks and stone and blackened, twisted steel remained to show where other houses had once stood; at unfamiliar notices that said, "*Fleischer*," "*Friseur*," "*Bäckerei*" and "*Eisenwaren-geschäft*."

Robert, who had been in Berlin for several months before he had returned to fetch Stella and Charlotte, pointed out places of interest as they passed.

He had decided that it was better for them to spend the first night at the Families' Hostel, so that Stella need not bother with meals and housekeeping while taking over the new house. They were to move in the next day.

THE hostel was a large, tall building where they were taken up in a lift and then ushered down a long passage to two rooms on the third floor. There were sounds of splashing from an adjoining bathroom, and Lottie's voice and Mademoiselle's singing "*Malbrouck s'en va-t'en guerre.*"

The Melvilles' luggage was carried into the larger bedroom, the smaller one being already strewn with toys and redolent of caraway seeds.

The German who had carried up the suitcases led Miranda back down the passage, and after several turnings ushered her into a small room that looked down upon an open concreted space and the ruined shell of a bombed building.

Miranda pushed open the window and stood looking out at the grey sky and the falling rain and the ruined walls.

So this was Berlin! Well, she was here and she wished passionately that she was back again in the tiny flat near Sloane Street. She had not felt like this—frightened and unsure and lost—since she was a small girl, wandering through terrible, ruined streets and crying for parents whom she was never to see again. . . . She should never have come here, to this shattered city where the very language in the streets tugged at shadowy memories that were better forgotten.

An hour later Robert had left for the barracks, and Stella, Mademoiselle and Lottie had all gone off to see the new house. There had not been room for Miranda in the Volkswagen.

"Are you sure you don't mind being abandoned like this?" Stella had inquired anxiously.

"No, of course I don't," said Miranda untruthfully. "In fact, I'd far rather stay quietly here and have a hot bath."

But she did mind. She did not want to be left alone in this large, strange, impersonal building, with its rabbit warren of passages and stairways that smelt faintly of disinfectant, hot pipes and stale cooking, and its windows that looked out upon grey rain and grey bomb-scarred buildings. She wished with all her heart that she had never come to Berlin.

To be continued next week

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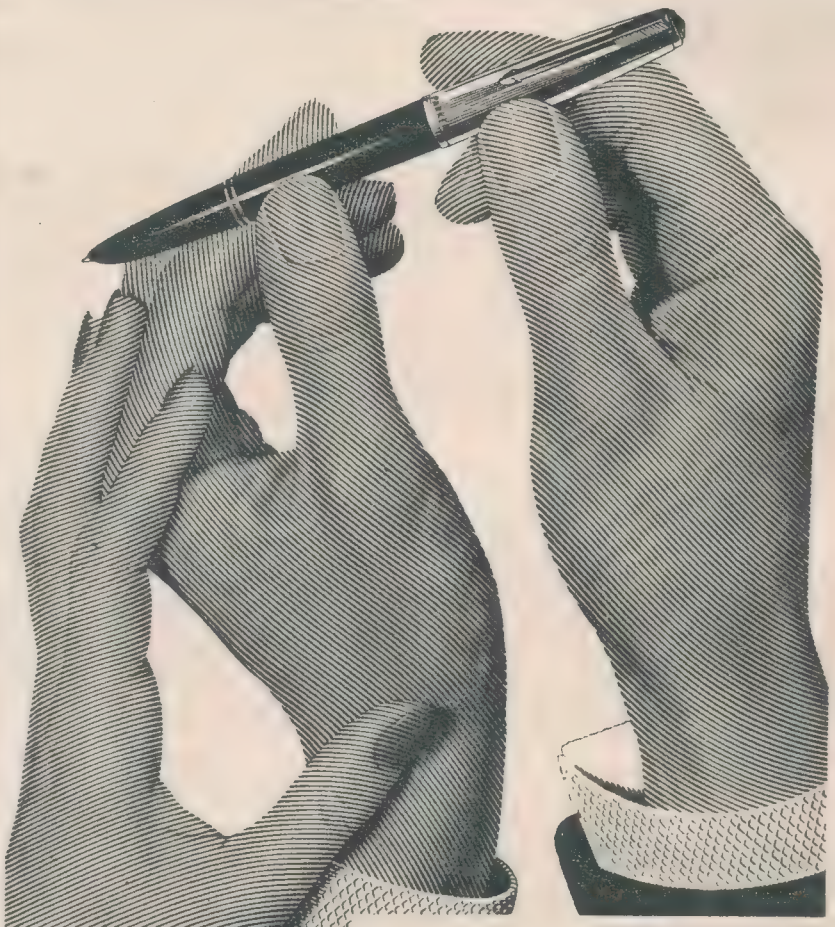

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CASTLE MINERVA

Continued from page 23

a little, for after a while she grew calmer and lay still in my arms.

A little later, as we sat there quietly, a rat came out from behind some straw bales and sat up and polished its whiskers like an old colonel in a club window. It sat and stared at us for fully a minute. Then in a flash it was gone. In the silence I heard footsteps outside the big doors. A small slip-door cut into the big right-hand door opened and a man stepped into the barn.

He turned and called back through the moonlit rectangle: "Get that mule over as soon as you can."

It was the voice of Colonel Francis Drexel, curt and full of authority. I watched him come towards our cage. My friend, Drexel; the man who had once saved my life and now, I supposed, felt he had the right to take it away.

He wore his tight-belted, shabby raincoat with a silk scarf about his throat. Hatless, his iron-grey hair dark in the poor light, his trim, small body full of cut and thrust, he came right up to the cage and stood there looking at us. His face was as grey as pumice stone and as rough, worn and old. But the eyes were alive and they had now a brightness I had never seen before, and he kept blinking as though there was sand in them. This was a new habit, and although it was a small thing it changed him for me, made him febrile, uncertain and unpleasant. Moving gently from Sophie, I drew cigarettes and matches from my overalls and lit a cigarette and ignored him.

I saw his shoulders move inside his coat, and then with an abrupt movement he turned away towards the lorry. He went over and unlocked the rear doors and climbed up inside. As he did so, I heard the sound of hooves clopping up to the big barn doors. The sound stopped and then there was the rasp of a wooden bar being pulled over. The doors opened.

DUNWOODY and Paviot came in leading a mule between them. They took no notice of us. Dunwoody climbed up into the lorry and he and Drexel brought Jabal out. They lowered him over the edge to Paviot. Jabal stood there swaying, hardly able to keep upright and quite clearly unaware of what was happening to him.

Paviot held him until the other two were down and then they half-walked, half-lifted him across to the mule. He was hoisted up, and sagged forward, his hands clasping the saddle horn. Paviot squatted down and tied Jabal's ankles together under the mule's belly.

Sophie and I stood there, watching them, listening to Drexel's quiet words of command. I don't know how she felt, but I guessed it was much the same as I did. I had forgotten myself, my own danger, for it seemed all to have been transferred to Jabal. He was little more than a boy and he was going to be killed. I used the word bluntly to myself, for it was death that waited for him, maybe just over the Spanish border, maybe on some boat back to Ramaut or in one of the rooms of the palace of the regent, Sheikh Ahmed ben Fa'id. The whole thing made me feel sick and angry.

Drexel said: "We shall have to watch him at first to see he doesn't slip. But once he's got some fresh air in him he'll come round enough to hang on."

He began to wheel the mule about and Paviot and Dunwoody moved at its flanks, a hand each on Jabal. Paviot said, looking over at Dunwoody: "Your men had better be waiting. It's not safe to hang about up there in daylight too long."

Dunwoody said: "Don't worry. They'll be there—and with the money, too."

When they got to the door, Drexel halted the mule. He turned his head slightly and looked across to me. I knew he was saying goodbye, and that in some odd way he wanted something from me, if only an angry acknowledgement of the dead faith between us. But I still had nothing for him.

He turned away again. They all went out and the big doors were closed and the bar dropped into place. I tried to sit down and talk to Sophie, but I could not sit still. I was restless, driven frankly by fear, fear for what lay ahead of Jabal and waited for us. When Drexel and Paviot returned, our turn would come. I knew Drexel. One step at a time, the whole thing a neat military operation . . . 0400 hours move off with Jabal on a mule . . . and so on until, possibly, 1200 hours . . . disposal of prisoners. Cold, inflexible planning.

I got up and walked around the cage. Time and again my eyes went to the length of wall by the big doors. The bunch of keys on its wire loop hung there, fifteen feet away, which might have been fifty miles. I went over the cage again, tried the floorboards and even climbed to the iron-barred roof, but there was no weak point, nothing that could be moved.

"Sit down, David," Sophie said gently. "You'll only wear yourself out, *chéri*. There's nothing you can do."

But I could not rest. I kept seeing that mule, with Jabal on its back, picking its way up the mountain track, and the three men plodding with it. Somewhere up among the grey, pine-flanked peaks was the border. Once he had crossed it, I knew nothing could save Jabal.

Somewhere down the row, a baboon, sensing perhaps this uneasiness in a cage not far from him, had begun to chatter and now and again gave a queer half-strangled cry as though its body were charged with some strange agony. Its cries disturbed the other animals, for one by one they woke and protested and a bedlam of noise filled the barn.

The birds in the next cage were restless, disturbed, shuffling about their perches, and it was these perches that held my attention. They ran from side to side of the cage at different levels, long, thick lengths of bamboo.

My hands on the bars were now only a few inches from the end of one of the perches. I looked at it and saw that it was held to one of the horizontal cage bars only by a thin loop of soft wire.

I turned to Sophie and called her over. "Look, Sophie—if we can get three of these bamboos, we can lash them together and then reach those keys on the loop by the door."

Before I had finished speaking, my fingers were at work on the wire fixing nearest to me. It untwisted easily and by pushing the bamboo up I got my fingers between the bars and had a grip on it. The birds on the bamboo squawked and flew off. The other end of the rod was also attached by a wire loop. I pulled the perch back towards me to free it. It would not come at first and I swore as I tried to get a better grip with my fingers in the limited space between the bars.

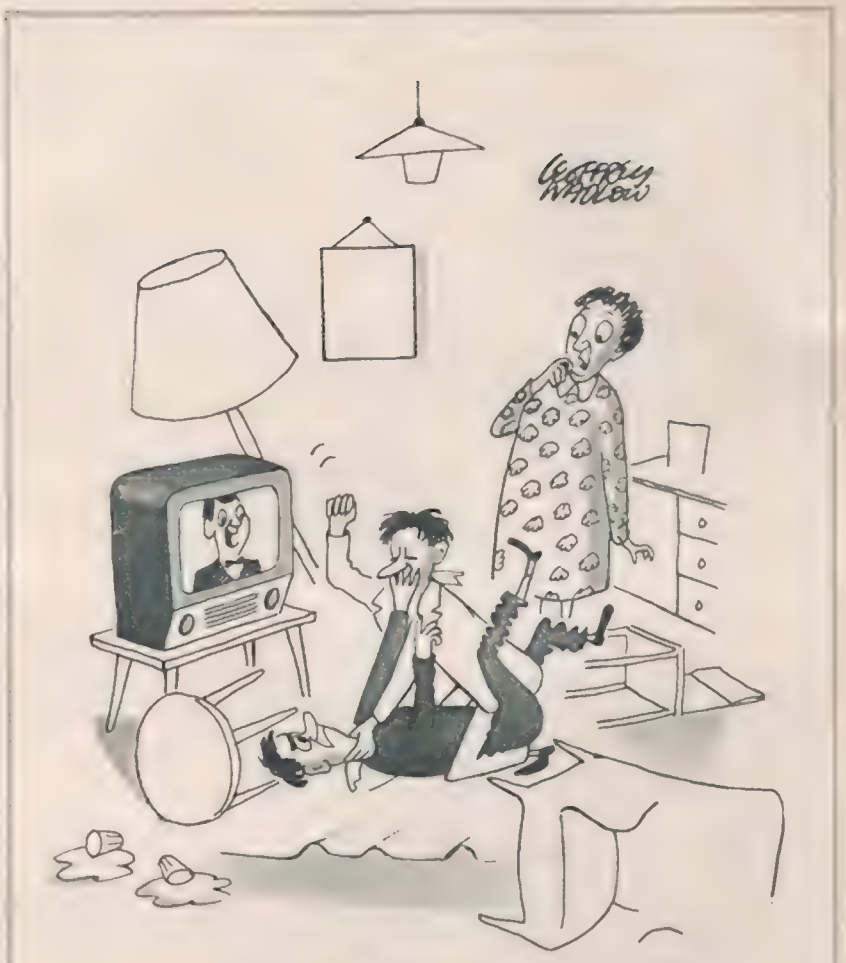
Then suddenly it came away. The far end fell to the floor of the cage and I almost lost my grasp on the end I held. But I just saved it and then I was pulling it through into our cage. Eight feet of beautiful, smooth bamboo. I could have shouted with joy.

Sophie called to me. She had climbed up the cage side a little and was working at another perch. I went over and held her and she made a better, quicker job than I had done because her hand was smaller.

VERY soon we had the three lengths we needed. I took the thin belt off my overalls and lashed two of them together, giving them a good overlap to ensure rigidity. I poked one end out of the cage in the direction of the keys and set to work to lash the third bamboo on. For thongs I tore my large handkerchief into four strips. Then I pushed the long rod through the bars, keeping a butt of about two feet under my arm for steadiness. The rod reached the keys easily.

Sophie said: "You'll never do it. The end droops too much."

She was right. The weight of the bamboos made the far end dip. I could get the end into the loop and lift it off the nail, but the moment it was free it would slide down and off the drooping tip. And whichever way I



"... and that concludes our 'Political Forum', a feature designed to help you—the ordinary viewer—bring controversial topics into focus"

turned the bamboo I could not get rid of the dip at the end.

"I'll do it." I was determined to do it. I lay down flat on my face and lifted the rod up from floor level, towards the loop of keys. The whole rod now sloped upwards at an angle of about thirty degrees until it was within two feet of the loop, and then the dip, corrected by the long upward slant, evened out almost parallel with the ground. Once I got the wire loop on the far end of the rod, all I had to do was to raise it higher and the keys would slide down towards me.

And they did. I got the end through the loop and then raised the tip. The loop came up free of the nail and half an inch back from the end of the rod. I shook the rod, gently raising it, and the next moment the loop was sliding down towards us, the keys swinging.

I pulled the rod in and took the keys from it. I looked at Sophie and saw how her face had lit up with hope. I drew her to me and kissed her, and then swung round to the padlock. But I had to give the keys to her. Her hand was smaller and could go through the bars.

Quickly she found the right key. I pushed the barred door open and we jumped to the floor. I looked at my watch. Drexel and his party had been gone nearly three-quarters of an hour. I said: "How far is this place from a village or the police?"

"Ten or twelve miles."

"We'd never get help in time. We've got to go after them ourselves. But they've got a big start on us."

Sophie said: "They have to go right round the other side of the lake before they begin to climb. There's a rough road and they won't be travelling fast if they have to keep Jabal on that mule. If we could get a car, we could save time. Once we're in the mountains I can show you short cuts they won't take with the mule."

I looked over to the lorry. But she saw my look and shook her head. "Too much noise . . . opening these big doors. Gerard has an old Citroën. It's usually parked in a shed round the back of the barn."

I said: "If it isn't, there must still be the car Drexel came in. We've got to take a chance on it."

But I knew there were other chances as well. The party up in the hills were probably armed. Certainly Paviot would have a knife. Even if we could catch up with them and take them by surprise, the odds were with them. . . . I had to have something to bring down the odds.

"Come on," I said, and I grabbed her wrist, making for the small door. I'd decided that, if things were quiet outside, I was going to go into the house to see if I could find something, a rifle, a shot-gun—something at least to give us a chance.

Maybe I prayed too hard that I should come by a rifle or a revolver. Anyway, my prayer was answered before I was ready to take it, for before we'd reached the little door it opened and George Sarrasin stepped into the barn. He was dressed in a black sweater, the belt with the silver buckle, and tight breeches. In the pale light his face was large and ashen.

He saw us at once. As I flung myself at him, I saw his hand swinging towards the back pocket of his breeches. I hit him as he pulled his revolver out. I hit him low down with my right shoulder and I heard the breath go from him with an anguished *sough*. He crashed back against the barn doors so that the elbow of the arm that was holding the revolver was jerked forward. We fell together, and I saw the weapon fly across in front of me.

As I hit the ground, I shouted to Sophie. The shout was shortened in me as Sarrasin's foot came out and kicked me in the face.

We came up together and I felt the blood from my injured lips wet and warm over my cheek. Sarrasin opened his mouth to shout and I dived forward, my hands outspread to catch his neck. His fist came up in a long swing and took me in the chest but my momentum carried me on, crushing down upon him, and no sound came from his throat but a short grunt of pain.

We went down, rolling and rolling and striking one another. I was feeling murderous. I didn't want just to fight and overpower him. I wanted to kill him. I wanted to destroy him because he had become associated in my mind with all the evil that had wrapped itself around me since I had come to France.

Over the suck and gasp of our breath I heard the savage, unhappy roar of animal voices, a frenzied chattering, and the beat of pinioned wings against bars.

We slewed round on the ground and his foot slid out wildly and struck the packing case. I heard the hurricane lamp go over and a cry from Sophie. As I twisted sideways from under him, I saw the gloom shot with points of flame. Against the pale grey which filled the far doorway I saw Sophie stamping with her feet on tiny spurts of fire that ran like animated decorations up the side of a straw bale and among the loose straw on the floor.

Then Sarrasin was astride me and his enormous hands had clamped themselves on my throat and I had only the vision of his great, overhanging face, lips drawn tightly back and his eyes dark with angry pleasure as he slowly throttled the life from me and held my leaping, straining body down with his weight.

From somewhere behind me the flames from the straw leaped higher. Sarrasin's brutal face was lit with fire. The roar of the blood in my ears was mixed with the wild din the animals were making. As the blood pumped desperately in my head, the noise became fainter and fainter. And then blackness hit me.

When I came round, Sophie was kneeling by me, shaking my shoulders. I forced myself up a little on my elbows and she called urgently: "David. Oh, David—quick, quick! I can hear the others coming!"

There was a brisk, crackling sound in the barn and a pink and yellow glow was flickering over the walls. I saw that the fire had spread through the straw on the floor and across to the lorry. It was leaping around the wheels. Sarrasin lay a few feet from me, groaning.

Sophie put an arm under me and helped me up. I said stupidly: "What happened to him?"

"I hit him with the revolver."

I swayed a bit and she held me and slowly my head cleared. We stumbled towards the small door. Outside I heard voices calling and then, through the open door, I could see them. Three figures were running towards the barn. Two of them I recognized as Gerard and Fargette.

There was no time for us to get out, so I pulled Sophie with me behind the shelter of the open small door. With luck, they would come dashing in and past us. If they were quick, I thought, they could get the big doors open and run the lorry out.

Sarrasin lay on the floor not far away. I saw him stir and then lever himself groggily to his feet. He didn't look our way. He stood for a moment with his hands against his forehead and then with a clumsy urgency he staggered towards the lorry.

Gerard and the others swept in through the door past us. Sophie and I seized our chance. We slipped around the edge of the small door and were outside. She took my hand and we began to run.

Outside there was the morning, a pearl stretch of sky. A row of poplars like angry cats' tails. The spread of the lake, dull, tarnished tin-plate with a cold eddy of mist on its surface. A shed against the barn, and a dust-powdered Citroën with its windscreen wet with dew. The self-starter complained and complained, whining under my foot.

There was the yard with a few early hens pecking away at the dirt and then scattering as we came down upon them, the engine missing and coughing against the damp and cold. There was an open gateway and myself shouting

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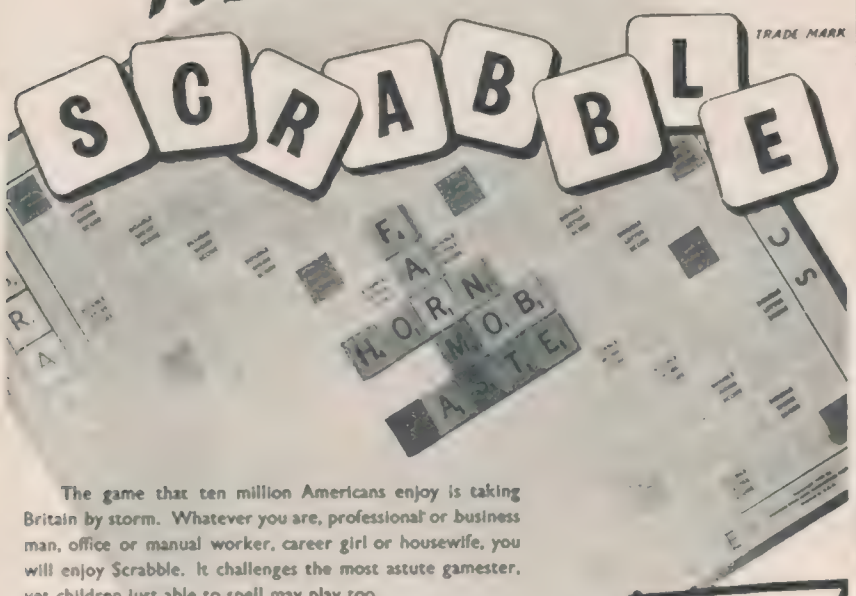

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suddenly to Sophie, "Right or left?" And turning right on to a rutted track.

The car kicked and bucked and something at the back went *bang, bang*, and farther behind there were voices, shouting, angry, and then the sound of a shot. Suddenly, I was exhilarated and happy, and I looked down and found Sophie's hand in the crook of my arm and I took my hand from the wheel and touched it.

I was giving the car hell, driving along a long stretch of dusty, bumpy lake-side track. The water a few yards away on our right was fringed by tall tufted reeds and enamelled here and there by green lily-pads. Ahead of us was the steep black side of a mountain, patterned with shadow as far as the tree line and then suddenly gleaming in the morning light with a scalloping of snow.

Sophie said: "We keep along this track until we come to a quarry on the left. Then we must go up the valley."

"Track for the car?"

"For a little way. This is the road they used to bring the stone down."

I nodded. Already my mind was ahead, beyond the quarry and up the valley. Somewhere up there, an hour ahead of us, was Jabal. The cold morning air would have brought him round. He would know what was happening to him.

The sun lifted over a hill shoulder and the morning miraculously became tinged with gold and red and blue. The car lurched madly over a hole in the track and Sophie was thrown against me. As she drew away, grasping the dashboard to steady herself, she said: "I've put the revolver in your pocket. It's got a full chamber."

We reached the quarry. Running up from it was a valley, more a gorge than a valley, with a noisy, frothy, boulder-strewn torrent coming down full-pelt to the lake. Oaks and scrub reached down almost to the stream banks. A narrow track twisted between the trees. I put the Citroën at the track, bouncing and slewing in my seat and holding myself by the wheel. The outside mirror snapped off against a tree, a boulder took a long score down one side of the body. Then something snapped underneath, but she kept going.

We must have made nearly three miles before the end came. We topped a small rise and on the far side the track dipped away obliquely. The car slewed sideways and then, skidding back to the track, jumped a rocky step and foundered in the stony bed of a small stream whose far bank was studded with young larch.

We got out, and plunged into the larches, following a thread of path. Sophie pointed once and I saw the marks of hooves in the soft ground.

The birds began to sing. Behind us the sun slipped above a spur and the wood was full of green and gold haze. After a time the path got steeper so that we had to use our hands, and I could see where the mule had been forced to take the slope on a zigzag course.

I followed Sophie, part of me taking pleasure in watching the strong, easy way she set herself at the climb, and part worrying now about Jabal.

We came out of the trees under a broken shoulder of rock rising like a cliff. The mule track skirted it. Sophie said: "If we go straight up over we shall save a mile."

We went straight up over. It was like going up the Milestone Buttress on Tryfan, only four times as long and not quite as hard; no need for a rope, but every need for eye, hand and feet. We got to the top and came out on to a plateau. From that height we could look down into the twisting valley that snaked around the great mountain plug we had just climbed. We watched the breaks in the trees and rocks where the trail came into view, but there was no sign of Drexel and his party.

"They must be still ahead," I said. "How far is the border?"

Sophie pointed. Right ahead there was a long, broken line of crests cut with valleys whose lower cheeks held a faint stubble of trees.

We kept on, breathless now, but plugging forward. And Sophie's stamina surprised me. She looked small and not up to it, but she had a strength inside her which I would never have suspected.

We splashed up the course of a stream that was as cold as all charity. I felt the sole of my right shoe flapping loose and a bunch of flies had begun buzzing around my cut lips.

The head of the stream ended in a waterfall, a dark, slimy spout thick with moss and ferns. We stopped, our feet on the gravel bed of the pool into which the fall thundered, the water lapping above our ankles.

"Up there?" I said.

"That or around the slope, which will lose us time."

"All right," I said, but I didn't like it. It was a wet, slippery, dangerous climb with a notch of blue sky two hundred feet above us.

We started climbing. It was like going up a cliff covered with wet sealskin. I dug my fingers and feet into the thick moss, tore it away and broke my nails uncovering the hard rock to give Sophie firm holds. Once I slipped and came down three feet with a crack that should have smashed my ribs. The V-notch got wider and wider. The falling water drew away and its spray was now only faint on our faces. We were soaked through and cold.

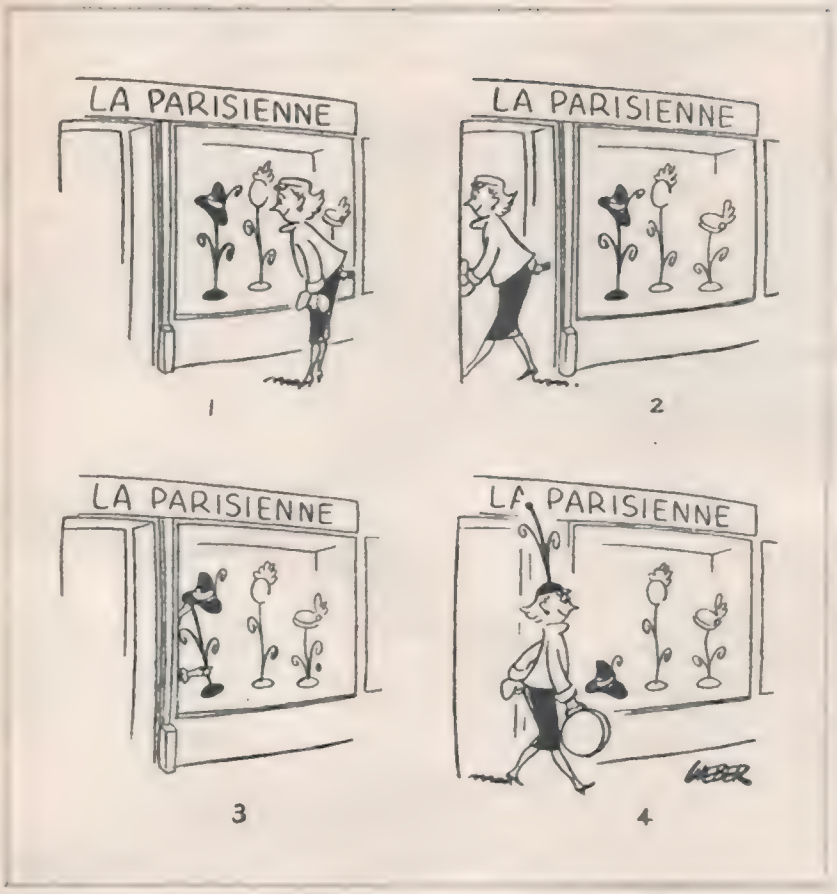
Ten feet from the top I reached down for her. I began to pull her up, but suddenly she slipped and her hand, wet and slimy with moss, was jerked from mine by her weight. My heart turned over as I saw her falling and below her the long black drop with its ragged white ribbon of water smashing down to the pool at the foot of the cliff.

She slid three yards down the rock face and then her outflung hands grabbed at the stone. I jumped, marking a ridge below me, and went down the rock with my heels dug in. I hit the ledge with a jolt and grabbed her as she hung there, lying half over the edge. I pulled her up and held her to

Master of the Mountains

BY JACK ATACK

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK



me. She was making a weird crying noise from shock.

I didn't care a damn about Jabal or anything then, except her. I held her to me trying to calm her. And, sooner than I thought she would, she came out of it, and I loved her for her courage.

At the head of the fall we were on some kind of water-shed, a long stretch of boggy grass that sang with hidden water as we started across it towards a patch of firs. We had only gone a few yards when I saw movement against the far line of trees. There was the white flash of two faces turning towards us. Distantly I heard someone shout, and I began to run, squelching across the wet, cushiony ground. As I went, I pulled out the revolver. Behind me I could hear Sophie following closely.

Dunwoody and the mule were already out of sight ahead, but Drexel and Paviot were behind, standing at the edge of the trees. I had a feeling that somewhere on our climb they must have looked back from some vantage point and seen us.

To my surprise they did not wait for us or try to hold us off. They turned and ran into the trees, and we went after them. I had the gun and I was eager to get at them, but I was not going to run into an ambush.

Then I heard them ahead of me. One of them was shouting and I thought I caught the *clop-clop* of the mule's hooves, and the sound was oddly echoing and hollow.

I knew why a few moments later, when we came to the edge of the trees. Before us was a stretch of open ground about ten yards wide that abruptly fell away to a long, curving gorge, a great fissure thirty feet across. Across it was a thin, flimsy plank bridge. But "bridge" was too fine a word for it. It was just a few slender pine poles and planks and a handrail that was rotten and broken away in places.

I took a step out of the cover of the trees but dodged back at once. Dunwoody, with Jabal on the mule, had halted on the far side of the bridge. When he saw me, Dunwoody raised his revolver and fired. I heard the bullet plug into a trunk not far from me. At that distance it was good shooting.

I pulled Sophie down behind a rock and then, peering round the side of it, saw what they were doing. Jabal had had his feet freed now and was sitting the mule upright and looking reasonably recovered. Dunwoody had the lead rein in one hand and a revolver in the other and he was watching our rock. At the edge of the gorge, Paviot and Drexel were working frenziedly to destroy the bridge.

They were kicking away at the earth and pine pole ends. I saw the turf flying and then a plank went clattering down into the gorge. Paviot bent down and got his hands round one of the long poles and began to heave and strain. And I knew that if they succeeded in what they were trying to do they would have beaten us.

I got up on my knees and took a shot at Paviot, but it went wide, striking the ground somewhere near the mule and making it plunge. Dunwoody fired again at me. I ducked back into cover, cursing. It was dangerous to fire at them. I might hit Jabal. Dunwoody could keep me pinned down easily while the other two worked away.

Another plank went, and I saw the crazy handrail sway and partly break away from its supports as Drexel now bent to the other supporting pine pole. The two of them began to lift the bridge and work it sideways.

And then I knew there was only one thing to do. I stood up and began to run forward, revolver in hand. I sprinted for the bridge. I was going to get across it before they slid it over into the gorge.

Dunwoody fired again and shouted, and the bullet might have gone right through me for all I knew about it. Drexel and Paviot looked up and across to me. I saw Paviot's right hand free itself from its hold on the pole and slide round to his pocket.

Behind me I heard Sophie shout my name. But I kept on running. Dunwoody fired again and this time the bullet hit the ground a few feet ahead of me and a splinter of stone came up, whirring like a June bug, and dug itself into my right cheek, the pain filling me with fresh anger.

I never quite reached the bridge. Paviot's hand came round with a gun; then beyond his hand I saw something else, and I stopped abruptly. Jabal had swung sideways, kicking out with his foot and sending the revolver spinning from Dunwoody's hand. The next moment Jabal had wheeled the mule round and was riding down on Drexel and Paviot.

They heard him coming but it was too late for them to do anything. Jabal drove the mule straight at Paviot. I saw Paviot lurch backwards, heard him yell, and then he went over the edge of the ravine. Drexel dropped his pole. The flimsy bridge crashed back

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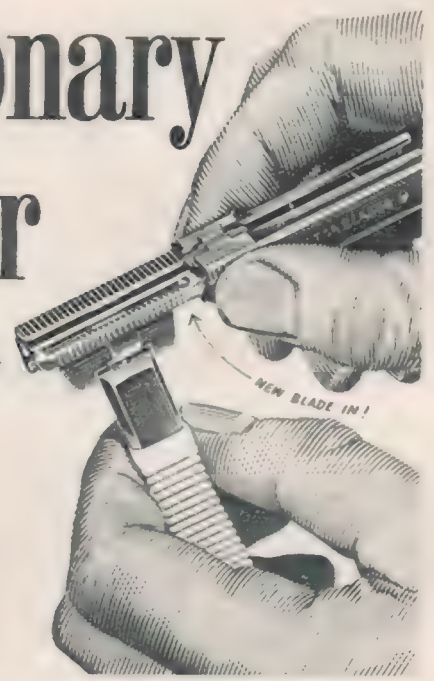

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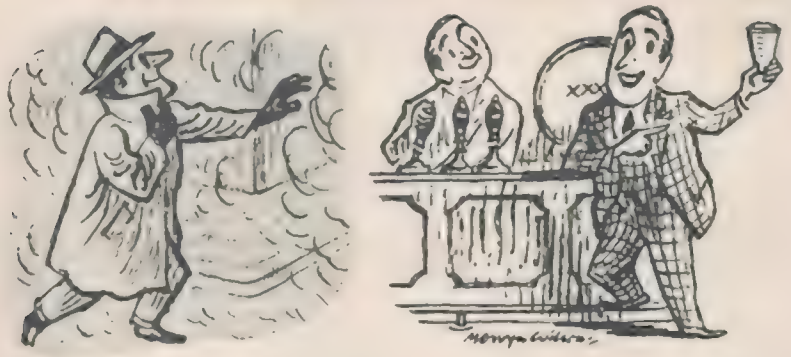

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and a cloud of dust went up from its rotten timbers.

I stood there, stock still, three feet from my end of the bridge. I saw Drexel twist towards Jabal and try to grab the lead rein. But Jabal flung himself off on the far side of the mule from Drexel and the next moment he was on the bridge and running towards me with Drexel after him.

I shouted, "Jabal!" trying to warn him, for the disturbed bridge was as weak as cardboard. But I was too late, for at that moment the bridge collapsed with both of them on it.

Behind me I heard Sophie cry agonizingly. The bridge folded up slowly, but with an ungodly cracking noise, and I saw white wood splinters fly off into the air like locusts. Jabal flung himself forward, grabbed at a piece of handrail and then slid back towards Drexel and out of my sight as the bridge dropped away.

I moved then, flinging myself to the edge of the gorge, and there the bridge was below me, hanging downwards from my side like a rotten stairway, the transverse planks at all angles like a wrecked xylophone. Twelve feet beneath me I saw Drexel hanging on to a plank with one hand. With the other he had got Jabal beneath the arm and shoulder and was holding him up. The youth's dark face was twisted with pain and there was a cut across his forehead. He was almost out and unable to help himself.

I started down the crazy ladder of the bridge. I hadn't realized until then how deep the gorge was. It went down like a black and angry wound into the flank of the mountain.

"Hurry, for God's sake!"

It was Drexel's voice and I saw him swinging below me as the bridge swayed over the deep drop. Somewhere a timber broke away, hit the side of the gorge and started a clattering fall of rocks and sliding earth. A plume of dust swirled up into my face.

I CLIMBED down, tearing my hands and ripping my clothes and then I could go no farther. There was a gap in the planking about three feet long. I hung on to the side pole, not trusting the last transverse plank length, and I reached down. I got a hand on Jabal's arm and I began to pull him up. He was coming round a bit and made a feeble effort to help himself.

I gripped him and I heaved, but with only one arm it was a terrific strain. Drexel saw this and he helped. His face tensed with the effort to push Jabal up. Slowly he came, an inch at a time, and then I got a firmer hold on him and his right hand came up and clutched at the plank by my shoulder.

I took the strain and Jabal began to help himself more, working up past me. As he did so, Drexel's face relaxed. Jabal's weight went from him and I saw his freed hand come towards his other hand to take a hold on the length of broken handrail he was grasping. But he was too late. The rail, rotten with wind and rain and snow, began to pull and crumble free from the clumsy great nails that held it.

Drexel looked at me, and he knew he was going. Jabal was past me now, climbing upwards, and I could hear Sophie calling to him, encouraging him. But they were in another world. There was only Drexel, and beyond him the dark gorge with Paviot lying twisted somewhere far below. . . .

I reached down a hand to Drexel, shouting to him to take it. He could have taken it easily. But he hung on one-handed to the rail and his free hand—though it moved—never went out to take a fresh hold or to grasp mine. His arm came up in a slow gesture, greeting and farewell, and he was smiling, that damned, hard, spit-in-the-eye-of-the-world smile . . . the old Drexel.

He just said, "David," and then, as I grabbed at him, the rail went, or, maybe he let go of it a second before it pulled away. I shut my eyes, not wanting to see him turning over and over to join Paviot and the blackness below.

DUNWOODY got away and I never saw him again. He went up the mountain on the mule, plump-bodied and, I'll bet, beaming even in disappointment. I fired the rest of my rounds after him, hoping to wake some frontier guard and get him picked up. But it didn't work.

It took us a long time to get back to the farm, and when we did we found Didier there with a party of gendarmes. Jean Cagou had recognized me in the circus, recognized, too, that I was no part of any clown act. But it had taken them all a long time, too long, to get round to the farm. Gerard they got, but not Sarrasin. He disappeared into some other jungle. Fargette—and I couldn't help being glad about this—went with him, or maybe alone. Maybe somewhere Fargette still wears a red nose, a large white collar and baggy checks and sets the children shouting with laughter.

The Foreign Office fixed a lot of things up, and the press never had the full truth. It was all very gentlemanly, except that a few months later Sheikh Ahmed ben Fa'id died, probably not peacefully. I think Jabal was there when he died. And Anglo-Media's oil concession still stands, renewed for fifty years.

Drexel? He lies on a hill above Banyuls with just his name and two dates, and once every spring for certain the flowers against the headstone are fresh. And afterwards, Sophie and I walk down past the Arago Aquarium and along to the Café aux Bons Enfants and have a drink. We never talk much over the drink. We just sit there, watching the old woman burn the seaweed. And after a while her hand finds its way into mine.

THE END

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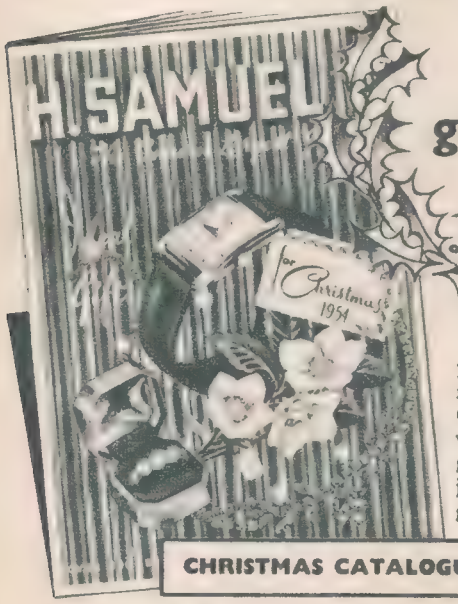

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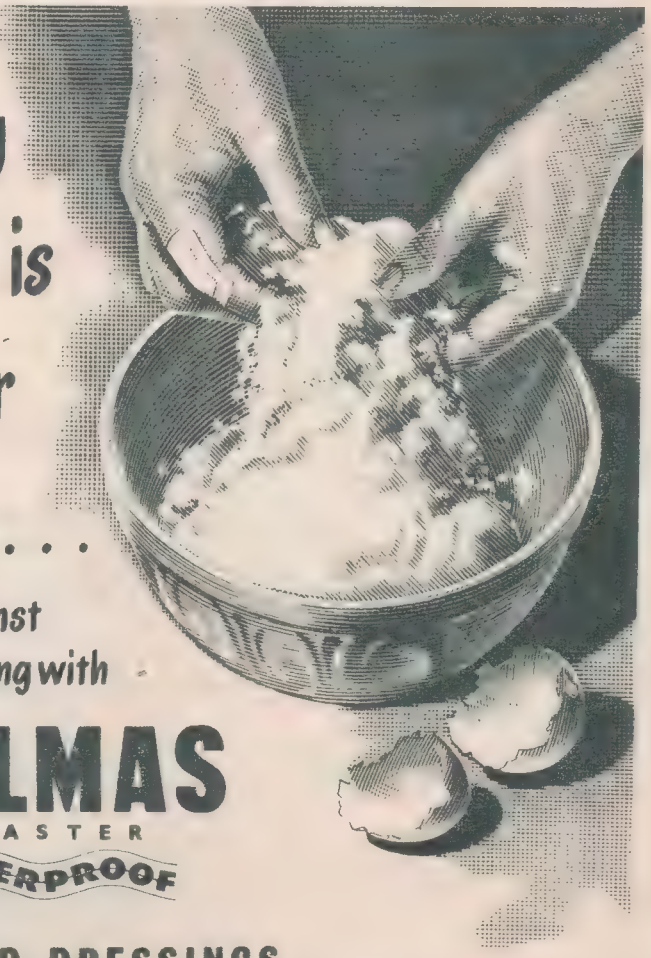

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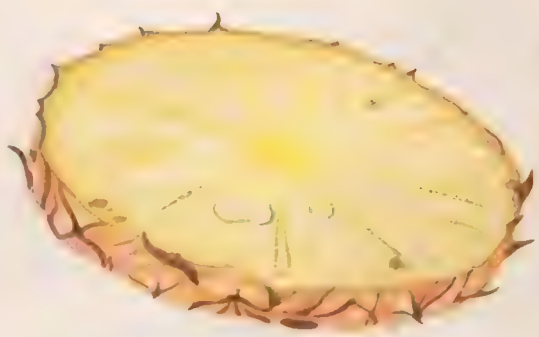

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SHOOT FIRST!

Continued from page 21

never attack on their Sabbath. I'm going on an archaeological picnic with O'Dowd Gallagher and his wife. Coming?" he asked.

I declined and Prosser left. I went to Bob Hecox's room. The Paramount cameraman lay on the bed dozing. "Hey, Bob. Tennis?"

He sat up. "Yeah. Just give me time to change and load the camera."

"You won't need the camera," I said. "Nothing is going to happen. It's the Jewish Sabbath."

"I don't care if it's the Chinese Christmas. I'm taking a camera," he replied.

Half an hour later we were playing tennis on a concrete court of a nearby school, our cameras lying in the shade against a wall. At the end of the set the score was five-four in Hecox's favour. He led forty-fifteen and stood at the base line for his service. He tossed the ball in the air. As his racket hit the ball there was a tremendous explosion, and I saw a flash which was brighter than the sunlight.

Crushed Under Debris

We ran for the cameras and climbed on the fence to start shooting. The debris was still flying in the air, and then, right in the centre of our screen areas, huge lumps of masonry and wood began to fall. Our cameras were turning only a few seconds after the explosion.

We ran towards the scene of the explosion, and arrived in time to get shots of a few survivors staggering drunkenly out from the wreckage that had been the Goldsmith Officers' Club. The white dust clung to their blood-stained faces. One man reeled, holding a loose arm with the other hand, as though trying to stop it falling off. As the rescue teams dashed into the debris, we could hear the moans of the wounded as they lay crushed beneath.

Later that evening we heard how the raid was carried out. The terrorists drove up to the club in an army lorry loaded with explosives. While another party fired on the sentries, the terrorists rushed in and threw explosives through the ground floor windows. Shortly after, the truck itself blew up, carrying away a side wall.

The Goldsmith victims were buried a few days later and I filmed the funeral. Among the mourners was an old Jewish lady. She cried softly, some distance away from the other mourners. When the service was over we spoke together. She deplored the methods that had been used.

"They are not Jews who commit such terrible crimes," she sobbed. "These are gangsters, murderers, not Jews. We know that Israel cannot be built on violence. But then, most of these young men have seen little else in their lives."

She turned and shuffled away. It was good that I met her. It presented another side of the picture.

Blew Up Wrong Train

The British were not the only ones to suffer in these outrages. Sometimes the terrorists, acting on false information, blew up the wrong train, or perhaps the wrong carriages, thus killing and wounding many civilians who had no part in the conflict.

In the evenings, when the films were shipped and the stories written and filed, we began our parties. The grimmer the day the gayer the party.

One evening a party was in full swing when the phone rang. There were cries of dismay. We'd been out every night for the past week on stories all over Palestine, some of them false alarms. We all needed a rest.

Peter Duffield of the *Daily Express* answered the telephone, then replaced the receiver. "O.K. boys. Get going. They've blown the oil refineries at Haifa."

Three of us took off in a taxi. We felt certain that it was a false alarm. But what else could we do? Some of the correspondents stayed behind. "You'll look silly coming back tomorrow without a story," one said.

"You'll look a darned sight sillier if we come back *with* one," snarled Tom Fitzimmonds, an American photographer.

He was right. As we approached Haifa we saw the strong red glow in the sky. It seemed as though the whole town was ablaze. As the smoke billowed across the flames there was momentary darkness and then, as more oil exploded, the sky was lit up with yellow-white light.

We drove straight to the top of Mount Carmel and pointed the cameras down towards the coastal plain, getting a general view. The dry, sour smell of burning enveloped us as huge lumps of burning ash swirled to and fro in the air. I've never filmed a fire like it. The column of smoke must have been visible for hundreds of miles.

Broke Into A Bank

With four hundred feet of film exposed, the rush to the airport started. The first man to get his film away stood a chance of a scoop in London. As we passed through the town another story broke. Terrorists had broken into a bank by using explosives. In fifteen minutes we were on our way to Lydda with a second story in the bag.

But that was not the end. A ship was sighted off the coast, bearing a load of illegal immigrants. British troops were to board her and control her passage until she could be turned round and sent back to her embarkation port. The ship had run aground on the soft sand a few miles from Haifa and sentries were posted along the coast to prevent the illegal entrants getting ashore.

The stretch of sand between the road and the sea was a couple of miles, or so it seemed when we tried to walk across it with the heavy camera equipment. We slithered and slid over the dunes, our progress painfully slow. "Let's hire us some camels," suggested Fitzimmonds. "There's an Arab village nearby."

Half an hour later, four camel-borne cameramen raced across the sand dunes towards the sea. At least, we made a race of it for the first hundred yards, then discovered it was as hard to sit on a camel as it was to walk through the deep sand. Our tempo slowed down to an ungainly, four-legged polka.

We reached the sea with no mishaps, but once again we were snookered. There was the ship, three hundred yards from the shore, but the water was too deep for us to venture out on our reluctant camels. "We'll have to get a boat," said Fitzimmonds, who was never discouraged.

An hour later we found a boat for hire and set out for the ship. With cameras ready we rowed alongside. Down came a shower of pots and pans, boxes, refuse. Angry faces peered down as we circled, making our shots.

Soon the British troops arrived by motor launches and boarded the ship. There was a battle as they climbed aboard. They suffered every kind of insult; they had bottles and lumps of wood thrown at them, but they were determined not to use violence. How they kept their tempers I'll never know. They had a nasty job to do, and they tried to do it as kindly as possible.

As the motor launches took the illegal entrants to the docks, we rowed back and then made a dash for the docks. We arrived just in time to see the second boatloads of illegal immigrants being brought ashore.

"What were the first arrivals like?" I asked the British officer in charge.

"As quiet as lambs," he replied, "but I'll bet they'll cut up rough when they see your cameras."

Cause Of Disorder

He was right. We watched the first half-dozen come down the gangplank, the British troops helping the aged and the very young. It was an orderly disembarkation. Then they saw the cameras. Immediately the atmosphere changed. A middle-aged man tried to grab a young child from a soldier's arms, shouting and screaming. If I'd not been present a few minutes before, I would have believed that I was witnessing a brutal act.

The soldier refused to be forced into a fight, and continued to help the man down the gangplank. But it was too late—the cameras had caused the mischief. And once again the demonstration aboard started.

How were we to film this scene without giving the wrong picture? It has been said that the camera can't lie, but the people who appear in front of it can, and often do. There was nothing we could do about it, except put the cameras away. This we did, and once again all was orderly and quiet.

I stood back and watched them as they walked down the gang-plank. Most were dirty, for their ship was over-crowded, and not clean to start with. They were tired, but full of hope. To them, Palestine represented a haven of peace, a home outside an unsympathetic Europe. But there was little peace in Palestine then or for some time to come.

Three stories in one day! We spent that evening writing letters and expense sheets, and it was with great pleasure that I wrote the following:

Taxi to Haifa and back ...	£15 os.
Hire of camel	£5 os.
Hire of camel boy	£1 os.
Hire of boat	£3 os.
To new trousers in place of those ruined while wading ashore in oily water ...	£2 10s.

It was an expensive assignment, but the bigger the scoop the greater the cost.

Threat From Stranger

But our life as correspondents was changing. This was not an affair in which we could be considered neutral, or objective. While I was at the Jewish News Agency attending a news conference one day, a stranger approached me as I left the building. "Mr. Noble?" he asked. "I bring you a message. We do not like your stories which appear on the cinema screens of Britain. We think it would be better for you to return to England."

I continued filming and reporting, but my heart was not quite in the job. A few days before, a hotel dining-room was sprayed with Sten gun bullets, and two correspondents escaped. But the diners at the next table were killed. The big flare-up was coming. My desire for matrimony was stronger than my longing for the hereafter, so I returned to England.

I could have entitled my book *Life With Murray*, and confined it to the

WHO'S WHO?

They look alike, but their lives have been very different. From the jumbled details below, can you provide each man with his potted biography—and his name? The answers are on page 57

BORN:
- **A.** Fifty-nine years ago in Blackhill, Durham, son of a papermaker.
- **B.** Fifty-seven years ago in Ruabon, North Wales, a merchant's son.

FIRST JOB:
- **C.** An engineering apprentice.
- **D.** A water carrier.

HAS SAID:
- **E.** "Stars? I can't be bothered with them."
- **F.** "What we need in Britain today is more beer, roast beef and laughter."

FAMOUS AS:
- **G.** A journalist who made big business.
- **H.** An importer of Springboks.

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Fresh Food News

By ELIZABETH CRAIG

Fresh Facts About Fish!

I meet Mrs. Appleby of Winchester

I'd mentioned in a talk that the best way to buy fish these days was the Birds Eye way—filleted and quick-frozen.

"Surely," she said, "you'd rather have 'fresh' fish than quick-frozen?"

"But fish quick-frozen by Birds Eye is fresher than ordinary fish can ever be!" I explained. "Wouldn't you always like to get fish *within a few hours of its being landed?*"

"Of course," Mrs. Appleby replied.

"That's just what Birds Eye is," I told her. "Straight from the sea, selected fish goes to quayside factories. It's filleted and quick-frozen in easy-to-buy, easy-to-carry cartons—the freshness and flavour is captured and held until the moment you cook it."

"What about price?" Mrs. Appleby asked.

"Work it out for yourself," I said. "Remember, with ordinary fish more than half you buy is thrown away. But with Birds Eye fish *fillets* there are no bones, heads or tails. You eat *all* you buy! One of my favourites is Birds Eye Fillets of Small Plaice. They're such good value—only 2/11d. for four really good servings. And there are small cartons as well, just right for two.

"Of course, there are many other varieties—and delicious Birds Eye vegetables, fruits and poultry—at your Birds Eye shop. All the same high quality, regardless of season—all reasonably priced. You don't need a refrigerator, either."

If you would like the name of your nearest Birds Eye Shop, or if you have any other queries, please write to Cookery Report, Dept. J.B.11, Hesketh House, Portman Square, London, W.1.

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SNB—1

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2 eggs · 4 ozs. (4 heaped tablespoons) self-raising flour

Stork Icing

3 ozs. Stork Margarine
8 ozs. (8 well-heaped tablespoons) icing sugar
2 dessertspoons milk, water or fruit juice
Colouring and flavouring as desired

Thoroughly cream the Stork and sugar together, adding flavouring. Beat in eggs separately, adding a little sieved flour with second. Fold in remaining flour. Half-fill fancy-shaped tins brushed with melted Stork. Place on baking sheet, and bake for 20-25 minutes in a moderately hot oven (Regulo Mark 5: 380°F) on second shelf from top. Turn out and cool on wire tray.

To make the icing, cream Stork with half sieved icing sugar. Beat in flavouring, then beat in remaining sieved icing sugar and liquid, adding colouring as desired.

To finish cakes, coat tops and sides, if liked with icing. Mark with fork to decorate, or add piping, as illustrated. Coat iced sides with desiccated coconut, chopped nuts, or crushed corn flakes. Decorate tops with piped rosettes, etc., and/or halved glacé cherries, and angelica, or mimosa balls, crystallised fruits, rose petals, or violets.

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three years during which he was my editor at Universal Newsreel — three years of excitement which passed so quickly that when they were over it seemed impossible to realize we were three years older, and twenty years wiser in newsreel experience.

Murray lived and breathed newsreels for at least twenty-four hours a day. He saw no difference between day and night—except photographically. He used the telephone at any time; as a thought came into his head, so he grabbed the phone and expounded it to the victim.

My phone rang early one morning. As I lurched out of bed, I imagined what the emergency could possibly be. A shipwreck or a fire?

"Hallo?" I mumbled.

"Leslie Murray here. I want to congratulate you on that swing shot. It was first-class. Good night." He rang off. I looked at the clock. It was 3.30 a.m.

Next morning, taking advantage of his good mood, I was late. As I walked through the office door, he was shouting: "Where's Noble? It's eleven o'clock and he's not in yet."

He glowered at me as I sat down in the easy chair opposite his desk. Something was up. That's why he'd congratulated me halfway through the night. I was beginning to recognize his tactics. He handed me the morning's newspaper. The front page carried a story that Princess Elizabeth, the Duke of Edinburgh, Princess Margaret and the new-born Prince Charles were leaving next day for their holiday at Sandringham. It was the Royal baby's first public outing.

"Are we shooting it at the Palace?" I asked. "With a long focus lens on the Wedding Cake?" The Queen Victoria memorial opposite the forecourt of Buckingham Palace is thus irreverently named by cameramen.

Murray shook his head. "No official facilities will be given." I saw that his eyes were twinkling as he brushed the cigarette ash from his lapels.

"Are we pinching?" I asked.

"You've hit it. Get all the fellows up here and we'll work out a plan."

Planning A Scoop

"I don't know which route they will take," said Murray a few minutes later to the six cameramen who sat round his desk, "but as the Duke is driving, it's my hunch he'll go this way." He pointed out a route on a map. "We'll have to take a chance on that. But if he does, he will have to drive over some level crossings." He paused to let that fact sink in.

"I'm not going to tell you how to do your job," he went on. "You've been in the business long enough to know all the answers. But if it so happens by some chance that the Royal car is held up at a level-crossing, there's a £5 note for every shot I see of it."

"What about the car number?" asked one cameraman.

"All check in by phone at ten-minute intervals after eleven-fifteen tomorrow morning and I'll give you the dope. I'll have a man standing by outside Buckingham Palace to spot them as they leave. He'll get the registration number and I'll pass it on to you. Good luck!"

We left for different posts between London and Sandringham. The afternoon was spent on reconnaissance, and our plans were laid for the morning. I drew the easy job, waiting outside Sandringham to get a shot of the Royal Family driving through the gates. The others spread themselves along the route, stationed by all level-crossings.

At fifteen minutes after eleven we phoned through to London to get the car number. It was HRH1, a Daimler. The Duke of Edinburgh was driving.

It so happened that the first two level-crossings were closed as the Duke approached, and there seemed to be quite a delay before the train came through. At each of these stops, a cameraman walked forward and made close-ups through the car window. The Duke looked a little mystified. Young Prince Charles lay in a cot behind.

At the third level-crossing, the Daimler was once again brought to a halt, and the Royal Family waited for the train to pass. One of our cameramen stepped forward to get the close-ups. The Duke lowered the window. "Why don't you come inside the car?" he asked.

"I think I can manage very well here, sir, thank you," said the cameraman politely.

Set Camera Rolling

The Duke smiled, put the Daimler in gear and shot away. Soon he approached Sandringham, and I saw a low, black car speeding towards me. There was no time to check the registration number. I set the camera rolling, and a few seconds later panned it through the gate into Sandringham. In the viewfinder I saw the number—HRH1. The few people gathered at the gate gave a cheer, and we had completed our story.

When the rushes came on the screen next morning, Leslie Murray was delighted. We had got a scoop, for there was no opposition cameraman at any of the positions from which we had made our shots.

"Good work! Well done! I'm proud of you all," he smiled, and attempted to walk out of the theatre, but three determined cameramen stood with their hands outstretched. Murray looked at them for a while, then reached for his wallet. £15 he counted.

One morning, Murray called me into his office. He stubbed his cigarette end out and said: "These Taylor quadruplets at Edmonton. I've bought the rights. They're coming out of hospital in two days' time, and I don't want the opposition to get any pictures. Just nip to the hospital and fix it."

What can you do with a man like that? I went to the door.

"Oh, by the way. I want some shots of the kids today to be going on with."

"Does the doctor know I'm coming?" I asked.

"How the heck could he know?" was the sour reply. "I've only just phoned the Taylors' solicitors regarding the rights."

However, to my surprise, the doctor agreed to my proposals and allowed me to go into the special observation room and, with another of our cameramen, film the new-born quads. The doctor went further—he would allow me to travel in the ambulance with Mrs. Taylor and her quads when they left the hospital for home.

The Pirate Problem

The next problem was to keep the opposition pirates from filming "our" quads. The hospital end was tied up. The authorities were to keep the gates closed to any but Universal Newsreel cameramen. But how were we to stop them filming the arrival at the Taylors' house in Edmonton?

"We can't stop them from shooting on the pavement," said Murray. "That's a public byway and we can do nothing about it. But we *can* stop them from going into the garden or the house—the Taylors' have given us that guarantee. The problem is how to stop them pinching as the quads are brought from the ambulance to the front gate?"

It was a bright day. Large crowds lined the street and gathered outside the Taylors' house. Cameramen from Fleet Street seemed to be there by the dozen. Also, looking confident, were the newsreel pirates. They knew that we would be out to prevent them filming the quads, but they were happy. How could we stop them? There was the road, and there was the gate—and five yards of space in between.

At the hospital we began shooting. The quads with their mother and father

WHO'S WHO?

B C F G are the clues on page 55 which help to identify the man on the left as Sir Miles Thomas, chairman of British Overseas Airways, former managing director of Morris Motors, and once editor of technical journals.

A D E H identify the man on the right as Jimmy Seed, one-time pit boy who is manager of Charlton Athletic F.C. Seven of the South African footballers he has signed since the war are now with the club.

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WHITE WINE
Dry white wines are delicious with fish, white meats, salads, and other dishes of delicate flavour. Sweeter white wines come into their own with the sweet course. And champagne goes with everything!

RED WINE
Glowing and genial, red wines are natural companions for roasts and grills, poultry and game, cheese and savoury dishes. Mulled wine, hot and spicy, is splendid for winter parties.

PORT
Port—vintage, tawny, or ruby—is a wonderful drink with dessert, to round off a good meal. Like sherry, port keeps a long time after opening—so you can always offer your friends a glass.

Easy to buy, easy to serve. Don't be confused by the wine list! Your wine merchant (or the wine waiter) will gladly advise you. For serving, just remember one rule: red wines are best at room temperature, white wines and champagne should be cold but not *iced*.

Wine costs so little - adds so much!

For "A SHORT GUIDE TO WINE," ask your wine merchant, or write or telephone to The Friends of Wine, Dept. J 4,, Vintners' Hall, Upper Thames St., London, E.C.4 (City 5377).

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—but fortunately he remembered

Becoming increasingly nervy and tired through overwork, he was beginning to fear a breakdown. He had lost his appetite, and slept badly. At the office he made mistakes; at home his wife was worried about him. Sometimes he felt he was ageing, yet he was not much over forty. *Forty!* Then he remembered. *Phyllosan fortifies the over-forties!*

Soon after he started taking Phyllosan his energy and cheerfulness began to return. His nerves strengthened, he ate and slept better, his smile came back. *His whole constitution was being revitalized.* What a difference it made!

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were brought out of the ward, posed for a moment in front of our cameras, then climbed into the ambulance. I went with them. Now for the plot.

Quickly, I briefed the Taylors. "On no account are you to take the quads out of the ambulance together. They must go one at a time, and I shall accompany each one. The rest of you remain in the ambulance until I come back for the next one out."

"O.K," they replied. They were beginning to feel some of the excitement of the newsreel war. "Now, before we get out of the ambulance I want you all to wear one of these." I gave them a small placard to place round their necks. On them were the words: UNIVERSAL NEWS.

They placed the ribbons over their heads. By this time the ambulance had drawn up at the house. I heard the babble of pressmen and spectators as the driver came round the back to open the door.

"Come on," I said and took Mr. Taylor by the elbow. He was carrying Kevin. Quickly I adjusted the Universal News label, and we stepped out of the ambulance.

The pavement was crowded with battling photographers. I heard a shriek as we came into their viewfinders: "Get them all out!" "We want the four together!"

The newsreel cameramen pushed to the front to get close-ups. We squeezed through the gates and went into the house. Then back to the ambulance for Annette and her mother. Again we ran the gauntlet, but this time I noticed our stooges quietly blocking the opposition cameramen's lenses with small pieces of cardboard.

By now there was a furore. The police were fighting with cameramen and it was a scene of dire conflict. The children, sleeping peacefully, were completely unaware of the fuss, which was a good thing, otherwise it would have put them off newsreels for life.

Rivals Were Foiled

We had protected our rights. We'd paid for the quads, and we kept them exclusive. Of course, Fleet Street photographers cashed in on the newsreel war and got a story anyway, although some of them retouched their negatives and cut out the words "Universal News." But our opposition newsreels had no story which they could use. Had they dared put their shots on the screen they would have advertised our newsreel, for our name appeared in every shot they had made.

Meanwhile, in the house, we were completing our story by showing the quads in their new home; their first meal; their milk bottles and cots. Our camera turned as they were put to bed, and our story faded out as the bedroom light was switched off and Mrs. Taylor kissed them good night.

Three weeks later, I received a letter of congratulation from Cairo, where a newspaper had published the press photograph. I was named in the caption as "the father of the Edmonton Quads."

Sports events have their special problems. There are phases of every event which must be covered. This particularly applies to tennis. We must be certain to film the match point; we must film each player serving from both ends; we must show a close-up of the umpire calling the score. But the important sequence is the match point; the winner jumping over the net; the shake-hands; and the presentation of the trophy.

If we miss any of these, we can expect fireworks from the editor. We may be changing a lens at the wrong time; we may run out of film; we may bend down to scratch a leg—and the match is over. Or we may be at tea, as Dennis Towler and I were at Wimbledon one year when the Wightman Cup was being played.

The American girls had already won the rubber, but there was one more match to be played before the Duchess of Kent made the presentation—or at least that's what we were told by an official at Wimbledon.

Dennis and I sipped our tea, discussing our last night's game of squash. "We should start level now, you know," he said. In the background we heard a roar of cheering.

"What's all that about?" I asked a man who had just joined the tea queue.

"It's the Duchess of Kent presenting the Wightman Cup," he replied.

Before he had finished, we were running up the stairs to the centre court, picking up the cameras as we ran. As we reached the court there was Doris Hart holding the cup. The Duchess of Kent was smiling. The presentation was over.

Presented Cup Twice

It was no time for half-measures. "Would you please present the trophy again, your Highness?" I said. "I'm afraid we had camera trouble and missed the first time."

Very graciously she took back the cup, we set the cameras rolling, and she presented it once more.

"Thank heaven for the Duchess of Kent," said Dennis Towler as we drove back to the office. "Murray would have fired us for that."

"What the eye doesn't see, the heart doesn't grieve about," I replied cockily.

"Just made it, didn't you, boys?" was Murray's opening remark when we met. He had been watching the B.B.C. Television Outside Broadcast cameras making their direct transmission from Wimbledon, and had seen the whole incident.

"Do you mean that Leslie Murray actually saw you on television?" my wife Jinny asked later that evening.

"Yes, he saw everything."

"When will your films go on the screen?"

"In three days."

"So television beat you by three days. You'd better get a job on TV before they drive you out of business," she advised.

I decided to look into the possibilities. Then one day I saw an advertisement: "B.B.C. requires film cameraman for Children's Television Newsreel. Must be experienced in all types of film cameras."

I decided to apply for the job and to my surprise I got it. A little while later I went on my first assignment for Children's Television Newsreel.

It was headlines, too, but of another kind. A baby polar bear was born in the London Zoo and they called it Brumas. Brumas played with a ball, was dragged into the water by her mother, was cheered by children. She became the biggest news story of the day. So we made the headlines with Children's Newsreel, once and once only, with close-ups of Brumas and her mother stretching up to claw at my

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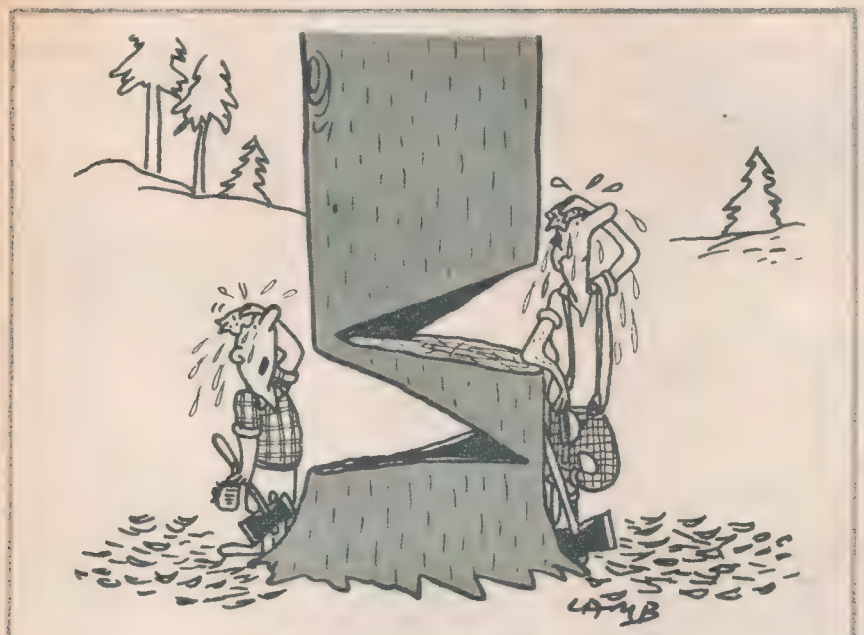

"How are you doing, Harry?"

legs as I shot from the top of the pen wall in Regent's Park Zoo.

There were no more Brumases. But then the children did not want headlines, they wanted train lines. I filmed model railways, miniature railways, real railways and railways made of sweets. I filmed dog shows, cat shows, bats, badgers and baboons. I became a fount of superficial knowledge on subjects which interest children.

"You're not looking well," said Jinny one day. "You need a hobby to take your mind off these child stories."

I drove to the studios wondering what hobby I could take up, and why I should be getting ulcers filming for children when I'd covered some of the world's biggest news stories without even a headache. Don Smith, our producer, met me in the corridor.

"Ronnie, there's a story at Epping," he said, absolutely deadpan. "A schoolboy has got a tame squirrel which eats chocolate and drinks tea and sits at the table with the family."

So I drove to Epping to film the story of this remarkable squirrel. On the way down from London I bought a box of chocolate-covered hazel nuts. The shop did not stock chocolate-covered acorns. The boy let me in. He was well-mannered and polite, as was his mother, who clearly doted on both son and squirrel. We sipped a cup of tea and they told me about their pet.

"He's as tame as can be," said the boy. "He eats chocolate, too."

I put my tuck on the table, and they were suitably impressed. We walked down the garden to look at the squirrel. It was in a rabbit hutch with chickenwire at the front. With some trepidation I poked my finger in the wire, hoping to make friends with it before I started filming. The squirrel smelt my finger, put his front paws lovingly round it and took a bite.

Squirrel Sped Off

My blood spurted in two directions. Mother screamed and the boy began to cry. "Don't cry," I said, sucking my finger. "Just get the animal out of its cage and let's get on with the film."

The boy opened the cage—and that was the last I saw of the tame squirrel. It shot off towards the forest at high speed, cutting straight through a neighbour's fence, the boy and his mother in hot pursuit.

I watched them disappear, then went into the house. There was a phone by the door, so I dialled the studios.

"Television Newsreel? Jack Mewett, please. Jack? Oh, Noble here. I believe you want a cameraman to relieve Cyril Page in Korea," I said.

"Yes, we do."

"I'm your man," I said. And that is how I graduated to the "adult" Television Newsreel, sucking a bleeding finger.

NEXT WEEK: I search a deserted city for Korea's lost children

SEARCH FOR RANTER

Continued from page 17

a couple of Lakeland terriers. The rest of the meet was made up of shepherds and farmers and one or two lads. Anybody from the Shires would have taken one horrified glance, turned faint and likely muttered: "Good gad, sir!"

Clogs, and old tweed jackets, and farm overalls, and collarless shirts are our fashion at these affairs. We can produce no elegantly tailored men and women. There are no sleek, satiny horses. They would break their legs and their teeth on our stony slopes. We use our own feet, and a follower with a convex stomach or even a corn would give up in pained disgust in the first five minutes.

The wind was easterly, harsh and biting. It ruffled the surface of Wastwater into leaden ripples, and made the dead fronds on the fellside above rattle and hiss. There had been no rain for a fortnight, and the old brackens and heather and bents were starved and tindery. Folk told one another it was going to be gey bleak if hounds led them up to the tops.

JOE was taking the pack across to the westerly foot of the Screes. Forming probably the most forbidding precipice in the kingdom, they run up to fifteen hundred feet and more, and stretch for a full three miles. There are parts where a man with a strong nerve and a steady head might move by careful inches. Careful he would have to be, for some of the surface is of fine, loose scree that slithers away under the slightest touch. There are parts that fling themselves down in dizzy, sepia sheerness where nothing without wings could hope to perch.

The hounds—you can call them dogs here without earning scorn—were casting about on a boulder-strewn tilt. In a quiet, thoughtful sort of fashion, the leggy Ranter strayed away from them, moving higher and more towards the east.

"Ranter's oop to summat," said old Todd, and slowly began to ascend the fell. Most of us followed Todd, for out of his vast experience has been born the knack of prophesying where the fox is going to be ten minutes before the creature has made up its own mind. Absurd, you may say. Then follow him around for a week, and change your opinion.

At about five hundred feet he chose a boulder as a stool, and sat there patiently. It was savagely cold enough for an average old gentleman of seventy to be tucked up in front of a roaring fire, or at least wrapped in a thick coat and muffler in a sheltered city street. Todd is not average. He wore breeches and a short jacket, and as a concession to cosseting, he had tied his handkerchief around his throat. His blue eyes kept

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watchfully narrowed. There was not even a dewdrop on his rather beaky nose. He comes of a breed that may-be takes its character from the granite of the country. In his youth, men who built barns and cottages would carry the great stones up on their backs, ascending the ladder with bent neck.

There was sudden music, and a couple of dozen pale specks came splaying across the fell breast. A fox streaked full tilt towards us, and passed within thirty yards. As usual, Todd had chosen the right grandstand. He said slowly: "Likely yon'll break back and go over top."

A little later he proved right. The fox scrambled diagonally up the higher slopes, swung left and vanished over the out-thrust lip of the Screes, the hounds flooding after him.

Well, that was that. When they break clean away into the high wilderness, mere man can do nothing about following. All of us except Joe went off home. As huntsman, Joe has to get after his pack somehow, locate them, and bring them back to the kennels.

When, eventually, he found them, they had accounted for their fox on the saddle of Scafell. He checked them, and three were missing, including Ranter. That was a matter of scant concern. It is nothing for a hound to be away for a couple of days. It will park itself on a farm in the upper dale, pick up a meal, wander to another farm, and gradually and casually drift back to Tryson Ground.

The next morning, two of the missing turned up. But not Ranter.

Old Todd laughed "Likely he's found a farm where they've more food than sense."

"Ay."

Gone was his desire to laugh when three more days had passed and there was no news. "I've been thinking," he told Joe soberly. "There's nowt for it but search. We'll gather one or two chaps and go out."

BEFORE he could take any further action, news came through that a shepherd passing along the top of the Screes had heard baying coming from well down the rock face, about half a mile east of Hawl Ghyll, a vast pink gash that tears itself right down the Screes to the edge of Wastwater.

Elgood, a neighbouring farmer, happened to be around at the time, and he offered to accompany Todd and Joe. Todd said: "We'll bike round to Nether Wasdale. 'Twill be quicker than plugging up they slopes from t'other side."

They got on their bikes and set off, pedalling through morning air that had a vicious edge. The wind was dryer and more knife-like than ever. Its sapping grip had blanched the colour out of the fells. Even the sphagnum mosses that usually stay green through the year, fed by the springs beneath, had turned to a powdery greyness. The dry-stone walls and boulders and naked crags seemed to radiate the cold. The fleece of the sheep grazing on the fells ruffled and flickered under the power of the wind.

They pedalled their bikes as far as possible, left them in a sheepfold, and took to the knobbly track that runs along the base of the Screes.

They passed the poised, pink scar of Hawl Ghyll, plodded on for an approximate half-mile, and stopped by another ghyll, a dark crack running up the face of the Screes for about a thousand feet. Normally a thread of water gushes down it, and that accounts for the scrubby growth of heather and brackens and stunted hollies clinging desperately to the great tilt of rock. They manage to exist in a streak about fifty feet wide, flanked on either side by some of the most devilish scree that ever refused to submit to human tread.

Old Todd raised his hand. They listened and listened, and heard nothing. Then he threw back his head and called in a high voice like a great silver bell: "Ranter! Ranter! Cope! Co-ope!"

He turned to them, his eyes gleaming. Sure enough, from high above, came the yelping of Ranter. Elgood blew on his palms and rubbed, to warm them. "Ay, up there. Injured, likely."

"Mebbe," said Todd, and put forward another theory. In a quick cut after the fox, Ranter might have jumped down a rock face to a ledge and found he could not get back.

"Ay," said Elgood reasonably. He was a rubbery man, with an eternal hint of amused surprise in his wide, pale eyes. Joe said nothing, but simply waited to do as he was told. Todd considered that ghyll. Willing and wiry as he was, he had to accept that this almost perpendicular gully would be too much for his seventy years. So it was arranged that Joe and Elgood should climb up the ghyll, one on either side, and try to locate the exact position of the dog, while Todd kept a general eye on things from beneath.

The two younger men began the ascent, finding cracks with their toes and spurs of rock as their finger-holds.

"If you find him," yelled up the old man, "you must be careful."

"If I don't find him, I'll still be careful," called Elgood, balancing himself on two inches of ledge, and laughing with the sound of fizzing sherbert. They went on and up, slowly, and with the certainty of experts.

"See owt?" yelled Todd.

"Nay, not yet," shouted back Elgood.

By the time they had got a couple of hundred feet above him, the old man had to admit to himself that it was a gey cold day. The wind whistling across Wastwater had an extra raw scrape. The brisk ride from Tryson Ground had warmed him, and now here he was, hanging about, doing nothing, and feeling his flesh turning to numbed flabbiness.

The patch of whins where he was standing reminded him that they made grand fuel. Put a match to them, and they would go up in a crackling red and yellow glow, a leaping burst of heat. 'Twould be safe enough. Between them and the nearest stuff growing about the bottom of the ghyll stretched a full ten yards of bare rock.

He took out a box of matches, stooped and struck a light. The whins caught and flared with a sizzling, gusty *whoof*. Flames three feet high danced wildly and warmly in the wind. He could feel the heat of them against his face and hands.

Then an extra riotous gust swooped out of the east. A bit of whin, like a red star, went sailing through the air and landed among the brackens fringing the ghyll. Stern with anxiety, old Todd dashed after it.

He was a second too late. A wisp of smoke curling from the brackens burst into hissing yellow tongues. He stamped at them desperately, and he might as well have tried to trample out quicksilver. They leaped up and away from him with the wind. A chorus of noises, spitting and cracking and sucking and drumming, blending into a roar. The base of the gully had changed to a furnace, a furnace climbing upwards in glowing triumph.

SMOKE rose in swirling banners. A holly went off like a gun. Already everything that could burn was flaring fifty feet up the ghyll, and the first patches that had caught below were sullen, smouldering embers. Old Todd stared up helplessly at the two men above. They had scant hope of climbing faster than the ascending flame. If they attempted to escape by leaving the ghyll and scrambling out to either flank, those walls of scree would fling them down to a pulped end.

Todd's face was streaked with sweat and smoke. He watched them trying to keep ahead of the fire. They were snatching at cracks and ledges, wriggling, pulling, heaving, climbing like hunted monkeys. Not so far above them, the ghyll seemed to peter out into a sort of projecting platform, a huge, naked slab, before resuming the rest of its gouged-out course to the top. If they could beat the fire to that slab, they might have a chance of living.

They must have struck an easier part of the ascent, because their rate of climbing quickened. Through a gap in the drifting smoke he could see they had reached the underside of the slab. But there they stopped, and in bewildered urgency he yelled up: "Go on! Go on!"

They did not go on. They stayed there while the flames came licking up towards them, and old Todd realized the hard truth. They were barred by an overhang. The projecting edge of that rock platform was too high and too smooth to give a grip.

For half a century Todd had had his own way in things that mattered. Where hunting was concerned, nobody had dared to disobey his masterful edicts. Such long authority makes a man's will extra compelling, and gives a man's voice extra sway. He planted his feet apart. He raised his head. His echoing shout was the order of a dictator. "You must coom doon through it. Cover face with hands, and coom doon!"

They heard him. Perhaps in those vital moments they reckoned he was right. Better to have a go at running the gauntlet than to stay there roasting at the top of the flames. They began to claw their way down, sliding and bumping and grabbing at the searing rock and snatching their hands away and threshing with their steel-shod feet to break their descent.

GRADUALLY old Todd's taut mouth relaxed as he watched them getting lower and nearer. They were clear of the flame belt now and lowering themselves among the hot rock and dying embers below. Their hands and faces were black. The sleeves of Joe's jacket were smouldering. His eyebrows had gone. His cap was a charred mess pulled over his nose. Elgood's fair hair was no longer on his head. It had been frizzled clean off, and his naked skull gleamed dully under a mixture of sweat and ash.

Todd smiled his relief. "Thank God you're clear. 'Twas a near do. Ay."

Elgood's pale, bloodshot eyes fixed themselves on him. "How did fire start?"

"I'm to blame," said Todd frankly. "'Twas that cold, I lit some whins. A spark got catched up and flew across yonder. I'm very sorry." He sighed. "We can do no more aboot Ranter this morning. We must be off back and get treatment for your burns." He wagged an apologetic head. "I'm sorry."

"Lit some whins," said Elgood, in brooding scorn.

"Ay," said old Todd, almost humbly. "I should nay have risked it."

"Lit some whins."

"I'm sorry. But I was fairly starved wi' cold."

"Lit some whins."

Todd spoke reproachfully. "I've said I'm sorry. I know you've got badly burned. I know you were near to being scorched to death, both of you. But look at t'other side, Elgood. You must be grateful you're alive."

Elgood's blistered face screwed up in exasperated protest. "Ay, you can talk." He pointed at his hairless head and his voice rose in righteous indictment. "What of t'cap I've lost? 'Twere a good one, only bought four year since."

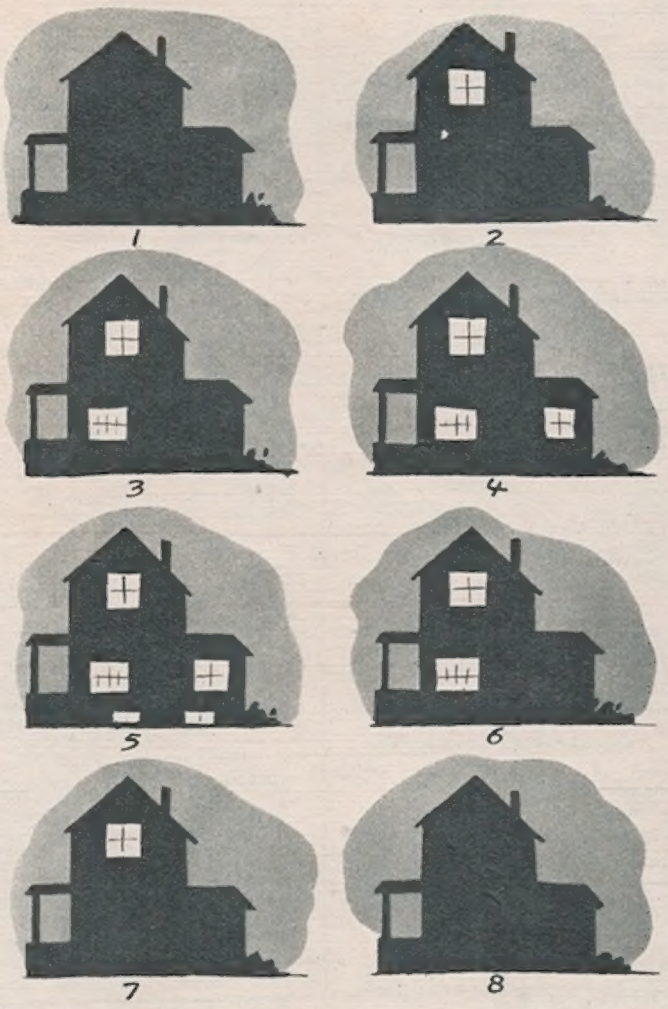
Joe spoke at last. "And mine's not so smart," he said, surveying his cindery rag.

The old man nodded with a kind of rueful penitence. "Ay, you're right." He glanced up at the towering rock face, and sighed again. "Wonder where Ranter's at? Fire must have scared him gey badly."

Elgood spat in sorrowful disgust. "Lit some whins," he muttered, as if still unable to believe it.

They fetched their bikes and rode back in heavy silence. As they steered round the last bend, where an outcrop of granite screens the near view of Tryson Ground, they saw a hound outside the kennels. Ranter was waiting for them, flagging a singed tail.

THE END



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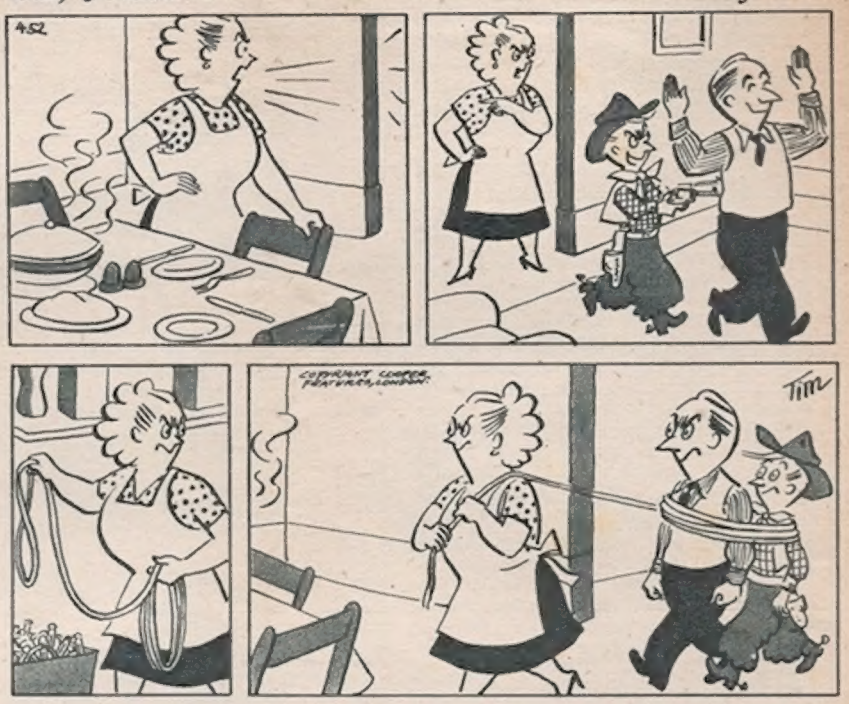

JOHN GUTHRIE BLAZES NEW TRAILS FOR PROGRESS

Continued from page 25

was covered with muddy silt. To clear it, a dredger barge was used, and then divers were sent down to tidy up. They pumped out the remaining mud with an air lift that acts like an oversize vacuum cleaner.

After that, pneumatic hammers and huge steel chisels were used to flatten the rock bed, and a concreting barge took over. Concrete containing a higher proportion of cement than is used above ground was piped down into a large "box" which divers had constructed on the harbour bottom from steel shutters. Underwater, this concrete sets better than it would in the air because the hardening process depends on a chemical reaction between cement and water. Within twelve hours, the cement had hardened, the steel-shutter "box" was removed, and the concreting team moved on.

When work began, Guthrie had ten divers, whom he ordered to train Africans to do the same work. "Any human can dive," he says, "and it stands to reason that a man of the country can work better under the local conditions." He now has twenty trained African divers.

At the end of 1949, Guthrie had one thousand men at work. Africans were learning to dive, weld, and to take over the fleet of construction vehicles. On board the Taywood Tid, a thirty-year-old African, Friday Boyei, who previously had been earning 2s. 9d. a day as an unskilled dock worker, was working as quartermaster and learning the skill employed by the English tugmaster. At its peak, the labour force reached two thousand men.

Dumped Hill In The Sea

One of Guthrie's main tasks was to level the eighty-foot-high Cox's Fort Hill, standing by the harbour. This involved shifting two million tons of rock and earth—and under the topsoil was a sulphurous mixture of shale which had a tendency to ignite and swell when exposed to air.

"When the original harbour was built," says Guthrie, "it wasn't realized that this material was combustible. A lot of it was used as fill under warehouses. After the buildings had been erected, the fill began to puff and swell. In some places it puffed up two or three feet, causing all sorts of damage." Guthrie planned to dump the combustible part of the hill under water, to keep it inert.

However, one other factor had to be considered. A deputation of local chiefs explained it to Guthrie.

"That hill," said their spokesman, "was the graveyard of our chiefs. Their spirits must be propitiated."

"True," replied Guthrie, whose budget included provision for placating native custom. "What do you suggest?"

"It will be necessary," said the African, "to prepare a libation and sprinkle it over the top of the hill. For the libation we will need a case of gin, a case of beer and the sum of £10."

Although his Scottish soul winced at the proposed waste of good drink, Guthrie agreed. He was somewhat mollified when one of his men reported that only half a bottle of gin was actually sprinkled on the ground, the remainder being put to more conventional use.

Sixteen months were needed to level the hill. The twenty-four acres where it stood is now part of a railway marshalling yard. The two million tons of earth and rock have been used to reclaim forty-nine acres from the sea. With professional understatement, Guthrie refers to the whole operation as a standard earth-moving job.

Ocean Pipeline Aids Ships

He has been drilling, blasting and building for most of his fifty-six years. Born in Stirling, as a boy he went to stay in Petrograd with an aunt and uncle, and obtained his professional education at the polytechnic there. In the year in which he graduated, he had to leave Russia because of the Revolution. He travelled by the Trans-Siberian Railway to Harbin, in Manchuria, and got his first engineering job—on the Chinese Eastern Railway.

At Takoradi, he finds himself back in the railway business. The expanded port facilities include twenty miles of sidings; and, in addition, his firm has been asked to improve communications with Accra by building fifty-one miles of railway.

One glance at the fifty-one mile route might discourage the idea of a railway. The first thirty miles are heavily forested, with trees reaching heights of 150 and 250 feet.

Once a week, Guthrie drives inland to watch his men clearing a two hundred foot wide strip through the forest. Three days a week he is at his headquarters on the Takoradi harbour site and another three days are spent at Accra.

To take oil into Accra, Guthrie has just laid a two and a half mile pipeline out to sea. Incoming tankers fish up the end of the pipe and pump their cargoes ashore.

Like his work at Portsmouth during the war, the Accra pipeline is "one of the jobs nobody ever sees." But there is a reminder of Guthrie's methods in the African welders, divers and other craftsmen he has trained. Among them is Friday Boyei, the one-time unskilled Gold Coast labourer, now a £300 a year tugmaster in command of the Taywood Tid. THE END

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(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, December 18, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,965 result.)

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I changed her tears to smiles

"MUMMY! MUMMY!" cried my little girl, "I'm *so* unhappy!" I couldn't think what on earth had happened. She'd gone off to school that morning so full of excitement. You see, she was in the Junior Girls' Nursing Corps and they were having a dress rehearsal for the inspection, next day, by the Mayor.

The trouble came when the other girls teased her. You know how *unkind* children can be to each other. They chided her about her uniform blouse. Said it wasn't really 'hospital white', like a real nurse would wear!

I was *very* annoyed. The Nursing Corps had given her the blouse. But she'd been unlucky and got one that had been on the shelf for months. It had gone all dowdy grey. "Don't worry, pet," I said to my little girl. "Mummy will soon put *that* right. You'll be the envy of the school when I've finished with that blouse . . ."

CHEERED UP. It took some minutes to console the little mite. But she soon cheered up when I told her I knew Surf would get tha blouse really white . . . really spotless. Following the directions on the packet, I put my little girl's blouse into some cold Surf suds. Then I brought them to the boil.

BRAND NEW, that's what the blouse looked like after *only ten minutes* in the boil. Surf had restored true whiteness to the blouse by removing all the stubborn *ingrained* grime as well as the surface dirt. After I'd ironed that blouse it really looked beautiful. "That'll show them," I thought to myself.

SHEER WONDER was in my little girl's face when she saw her blouse. Later the headmistress complimented her on her smartness. Even the Mayor told her how nice she looked. That made her the proudest girl on parade. She thinks her Mummy's wonderful. And *I* think Surf is—for getting whites clean, for boiling out stains . . . in fact, for washing *everything* spotless.

Surf boils spotless!

A *LEVER* PRODUCT

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